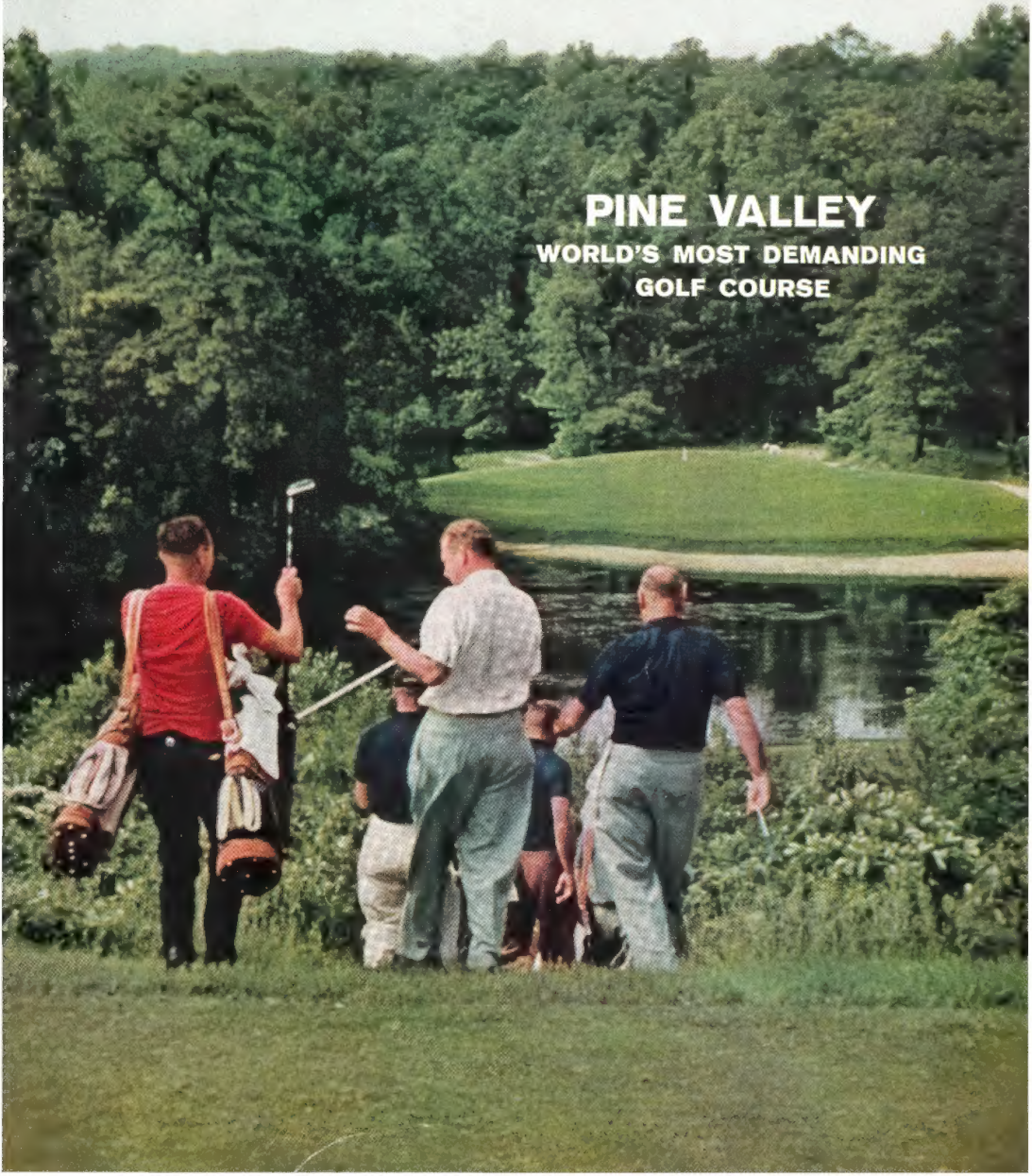
AUGUST 25, 1958 ★
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS
$7.50 A YEAR

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



PINE VALLEY
WORLD'S MOST DEMANDING GOLF COURSE



Wifesaver: Acrilan® makes it easy sailing in Seven Seas® new rich-touch flannels . . . they're automatic wash & wear!

1. You'll play it smart in these luxury-soft sturdy flannel slacks. **2.** Very smart, she'll agree . . . for they keep a sharp crease, shed wrinkles fast . . . and best of all, **machine-wash**

3. and **machine-dry,*** too. Thanks to their high content (70%) of Acrilan, the acrylic fiber by Chemstrand . . . **4.** they're all set to wear again with little if any ironing! In fall shades of brown and grey, superbly tailored by **Seven Seas.**

ACRILAN®

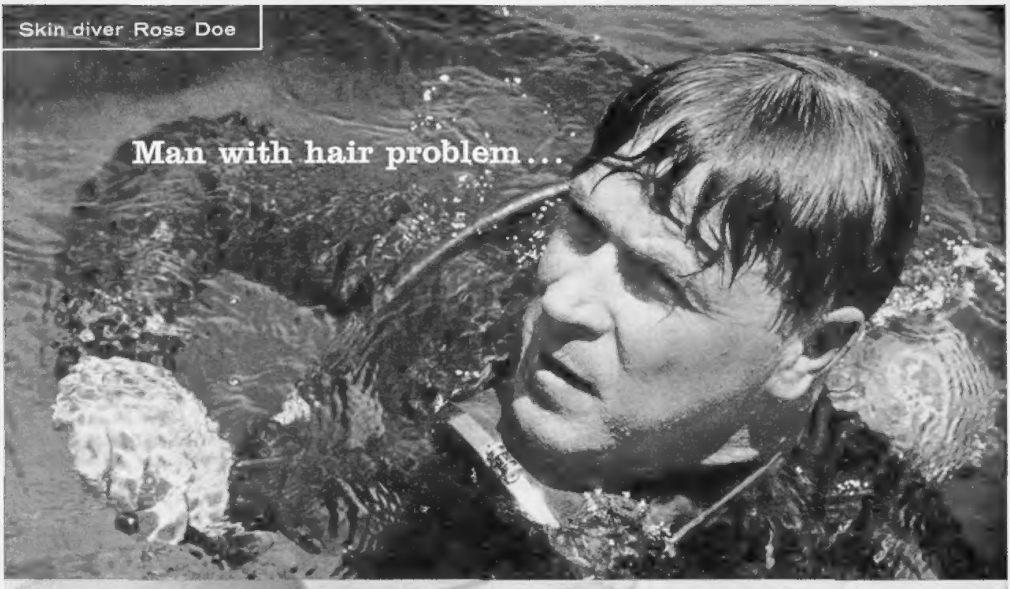
Dress Right—you can't afford not to!

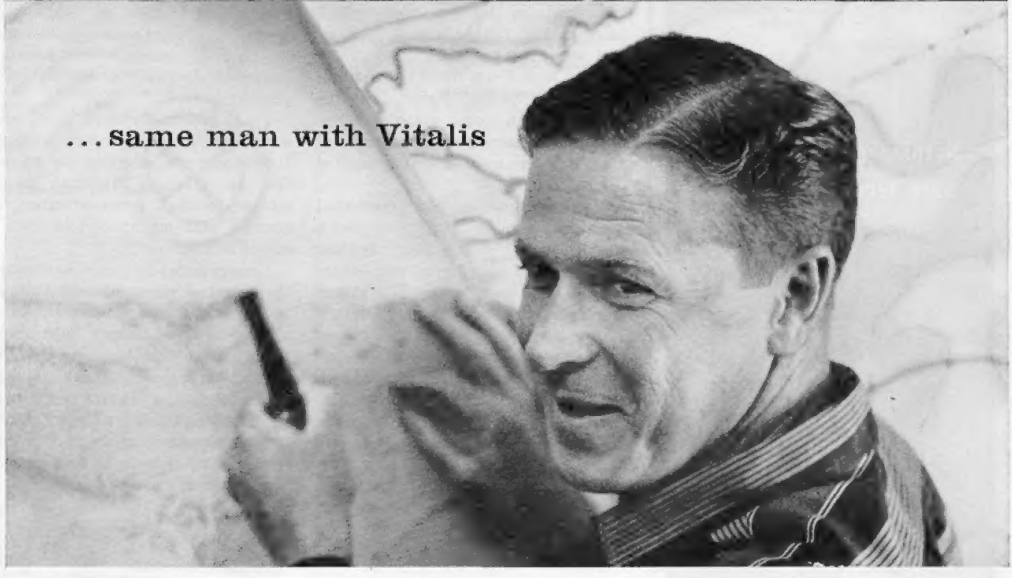
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

FABRIC: 70% Acrilan, 30% rayon "Dunk an' Don" by Labtex. New Fall shades of greys, browns and blues—stripes and solids—pleated and Ivy styles. Sizes 26-44 reg., shorts, longs, about $9.95.

*Machine-wash at warm-water setting through spin cycle. Dry in preheated dryer at low (140°-160°F.) temperature.
No dryer? Stop machine before spin cycle, let slacks drip dry.

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1 • PLANTS: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER — Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON — Pensacola, Fla.

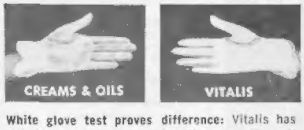




Keep your hair neat without grease

...and prevent dryness, too!

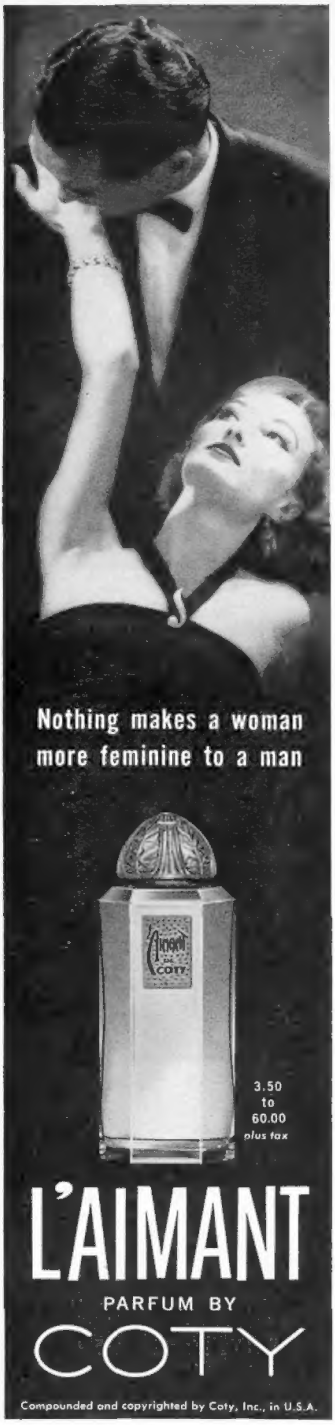
Skin diver Ross Doe has a hair problem even tougher than yours. Salt water, sun and wind dry out his hair. That's why he uses Vitalis®. It prevents dryness, keeps hair neat with greaseless V-7®. Vitalis has a special non-drying alcohol formula that fights embarrassing dandruff, gives wonderful protection against dry hair and scalp. Try Vitalis and see!



White glove test proves difference: Vitalis has V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. It won't rub off even on a clean white glove . . . doesn't stain the way ordinary cream and oil hair tonics do.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



MEMO *from the publisher*

LONGER AGO than I care to admit, when I was a young advertising salesman in Philadelphia, I particularly remember one damp Saturday afternoon. I was short of funds, so that a trip over to see my folks in New York was out of the question; but as I walked dispiritedly up the street to my boarding-house, which was not very far from Franklin Field, I was accosted by a ticket speculator who had a pair for the Illinois-Penn game. Because it had rained almost steadily for two days previously and his business had not been too good, he let me have one of the pair, and it was right on the 50-yard line. From there I saw one of the greatest football games of my life, a game which many critics say was Red Grange's finest performance, not excepting his amazing display against Michigan in 1924.



SI'S RED GRANGE

Penn's supporters had hoped that the mud would nullify Grange's vaunted speed enough to allow their heavier—and heavily-favored—team to win with its slogging line attack and iron defense. However, Grange, as has been well told in the record books, skipped and danced and floated through the mire and the puddles, ran for three touchdowns and set up a fourth—and you have my word for it that on a field where you could hardly tell the Red and Blue players from the Orange and Blue, the jersey with the famous "77" on the back looked for most of the game as though it had just come from the laundry.

Grange, of course, was All-America all three years he played varsity football and was largely responsible, in the flamboyant '20s, for the huge crowds, the enormous stadiums, the colorful, open-field style of play that has made the game the wonderful fall spectacle that it is today.

In football until 1938, when he concluded his active career as a coach for the Chicago Bears, Grange, as a telecaster and commentator on two major networks, is now even more widely seen and heard by football fans than in his playing days.

I take special pleasure, then, in announcing that Red Grange is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's selection to succeed the late Herman Hickman as our college football prognosticator, beginning with our special football issue of September 22.

Grange once told a sportswriter that the secret of his split-second timing, as far as he could explain it, was to move whenever he saw light ahead. I know that with his superb knowledge of the game and its ins-and-outs, the coaches, the plays and the players, he will enable all of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers to see lots of light ahead, in what looks like an exciting football year.

Harry Phillips

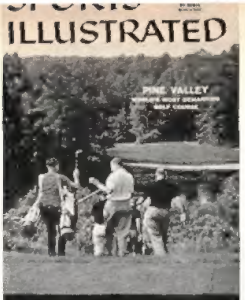
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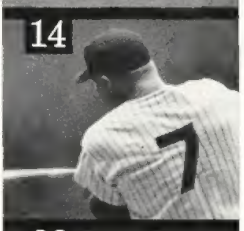
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Cover: Pine Valley ▶

The vista of pastoral beauty greeting this foursome belies the nerve-racking challenge of Pine Valley's 14th hole, a one-shotter over water. For more color pictures of the famous golf course, turn to page 19.

Photograph by Richard Meek

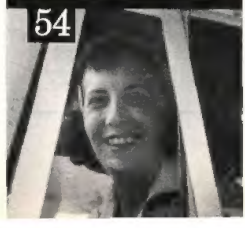












Next week

▶ The most exciting ringside pictures of the Patterson-Harris title fight—and Martin Kane's full report of what happened, both inside the ring and behind the scenes.

▶ As the new—and perhaps greatest—hunting year begins, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents a North American guide to open seasons; plus, in color, an Alaskan game hunt.

▶ San Francisco's Olympic Club, site of the U.S. Amateur, has its own flavor and lore. Richard Pollard writes of these—and of the return of California's Harvie Ward.

▶ Celebrated News Analyst H. V. Kaltenborn, 80, and his wife O.K., now 69, look back on a lifetime of tennis. Mixed doubles is their game, and they are still going strong.

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The frightening story of Jimmy Phillips and his experience in big-time football

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Twelve pages on a booming industry, with a young housewife's view of learning to fly

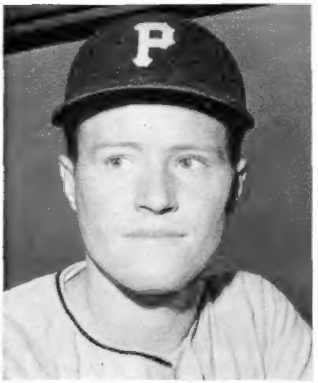
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X-RAY

The Dodgers leaped out of the cellar, and Pittsburgh had an exciting week of play





STRONG FACTOR in the surprise climb of the Pittsburgh Pirates to second place in the National League has been the pitching of two big 24-year-old rookie righthanders. George Witt *(left)* has the lowest earned run average in the league, while Curt Raydon ranks in the top 10. The two have a combined record of 12 wins and 5 losses.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (8/10—8/16)			Season	Homers Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Pittsburgh	6-1	.857	60-53	10
Milwaukee	7 2	.778	68-47	6
San Francisco	4-2	.667	60-54	13
Los Angeles	4-2	.667	54-59	9
Chicago	3-4	.429	55-62	11
Cincinnati	3-7	.300	53-63	6
St. Louis	2-5	.286	54-59	3
Philadelphia	1-7	.125	52-59	6
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	7-2	.778	61-55	3
Washington	4-2	.667	50-65	6
Baltimore	5-3	.625	53-59	8
Detroit	5-4	.556	56-58	7
Kansas City	4-5	.444	51-62	9
Boston	3-4	.429	58-56	4
New York	3-6	.333	74-43	7
Cleveland	2-7	.222	56-61	10

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting Week		Batting Season		Homers Season		Pitching Season	
	Mazeroski	.444	Skinner	.322	Thomas	32	Friend	16-12
	Aaron	.462	Aaron	.328	2 with	25	Spahn	16-8
	Davenport	.409	Mays	.330	Cepeda	23	Antonelli	13-10
	Furillo	.381	Snider	.308	Neal	19	Podres	10-10
	Banks	.464	Banks	.313	Banks	37	Hobbie	9-6
	Robinson	.389	Temple	.290	Robinson	24	Purkey	14-7
	Flood	.333	Musial	.335	Boyer	20	Jones	10-8
	Ashburn	.313	Ashburn	.342	Anderson	15	Semproch	13-7
	Landis	.378	Goodman	.320	Lollar	16	Pierce	12-8
	Sievers	.421	Sievers	.314	Sievers	33	Ramos	11-11
	Woodling	.429	Woodling	.278	Triandos	23	Portocarrero	12-7
	Bolling	.389	Kuenn	.323	Harris	13	Lary	11-12
	Chiti	.360	Cerv	.323	Cerv	29	Garver	10-8
	Jensen	.481	Runnels	.331	Jensen	32	Delock	10-3
	Mantle	.429	Siebern	.305	Mantle	34	Turley	17-6
	Power	.368	Power	.323	Colavito	26	McLish	12-6

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to August 16)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Ashburn, Phil .342	Fernandez, Phil .219
Batting (AL)	Runnels, Bos .331	DeMaestri, KC .215
Home run hitters (NL)	Banks, Chi 37 (1 per 12½ AB)	McMillan, Cin 0 Schoendienst, Mil 0 (276 AB)
Home run hitters (AL)	Mantle, NY 34 (1 per 11½ AB)	Fox, Chi 0 (473 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Spahn, Mil 16-8	Newcombe, Cin 2-11
Pitching (AL)	Turley, NY 17-6	Griggs, Wash 3-10
ERA (NL)	Jones, StL 2.49	Drott, Chi 5.66
ERA (AL)	Ford, NY 1.78	Urban, KC 5.84
Complete games (NL)	Spahn, Mil 18 (in 27 starts)	Drott, Chi 2 (in 23 starts)
Complete games (AL)	Turley, NY 16 (in 24 starts)	Pappas, Balt 2 (in 16 starts)
Team HR (NL)	Milwaukee 138	St. Louis 77
Team HR (AL)	New York 133	Chicago 80
Team runs (NL)	Chicago 546	St. Louis 453
Team runs (AL)	New York 589	Baltimore 385
Team hits (NL)	Chicago 1,080	Los Angeles 960
Team hits (AL)	New York 1,111	Baltimore 929

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Banks, Chi (.313)	93	62	155
Thomas, Pitt (.297)	74	62	136
Aaron, Mil (.328)	85	48	133
Mays, SF (.330)	82	45	127
Boyer, StL (.293)	71	49	120
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Jensen, Bos (.311)	68	70	138
Mantle, NY (.305)	93	40	133
Power, Clev (.323)	76	50	126
Sievers, Wash (.314)	72	54	126
Cerv, KC (.323)	70	53	123

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Cepeda, SF .313	Pearson, Wash .274
Home runs	Cepeda, SF 23	Harrell, Clev 7
RBIs	Cepeda, SF 72	Aspromonte, Wash 25
Pitching	Semproch, Phil 13-7	Grant, Clev 9-9

COMING EVENTS

August 22 to August 28
All times E.D.T.

◉ *Television* ★ *Color Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, August 22

AUTO RACING
SCCA Berkshire National Rally, South Lee, Mass. (also Aug. 23).

BASEBALL
■ Chicago at New York, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING
ILYA Scow Regatta, finals, Lake Winnebago, Wis.

BOXING
◉ Redl vs. Turner, welters, 10 rds., Mad. Sq.
■ Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

FENCING
World Champs., fifth day, Philadelphia (through Aug. 31).

HORSE RACING
The Spinaway, $20,000, Saratoga, N.Y.
Rochester Trot, $15,000, Batavia, N.Y.

HORSE SHOW
Sun-Times, Lincoln Park, Chicago (also Aug. 23).

WATER SKIING
American Water Ski Association Champs., Chipley, Ga. (through Aug. 24).

Saturday, August 23

AUTO RACING
Nascar Grand National Division, 100 m., Myrtle Beach, S.C.

BASEBALL
◉ Cleveland at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC).
◉ Philadelphia at St. Louis, 2:25 p.m. (CBS).
■ Kansas City at Washington, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)

BOATING
Silver Cup, Unlimited Hydros, Detroit.
National Stock Outboards, Miami (also Aug. 24).

GOLF
Canadian Open, final day, $25,000, Edmonton, Alta.

HORSE RACING
Arlington Handicap, $75,000, Washington-at-Arlington, Ill.
◉ The Hopeful, $30,000, Saratoga, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
■ Ventnor Handicap, $25,000, Atlantic City, N.J., 5:20 p.m. (NBC).

SHOOTING
Grand America Handicap Trapshoot, final day, Vandalia, Ohio.

TENNIS
USLTA Girls' Champs., final day, Phila.

Sunday, August 24

AUTO RACING
USAC Big Car Champ. series, 200 m., Milwaukee.

BASEBALL
◉ Detroit at New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS).
■ Philadelphia at Chicago, 2 p.m. (Mutual).

HORSE RACING
Longacres Mile, $20,000, Longacres, Wash.

Monday, August 25

BOATING
Adams Cup, North American Women's Sailing Champs., Chicago.
North American Jr. Sailing Champs., Vancouver, B.C. (through Aug. 29).

GOLF
British Columbia Centennial Open, $50,000, Vancouver, B.C. (through Sept. 1).

Tuesday, August 26

BASEBALL
■ Philadelphia at Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING
National Raven Sailing Champs., Noroton, Conn. (through Aug. 29).

Wednesday, August 27

BASEBALL
■ Kansas City at New York, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual).

BOXING
◉ Boyd vs. Beecham, middle., 10 rds., Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (ABC).

HORSE RACING
The Hambletonian Trot, $120,000, Du Quoin, Ill.
Empire Trot Classic, $20,000, Vernon, N.Y.

Thursday, August 28

Empire Pace Classic, $20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.



Mr. and Mrs. Worcester live in Weston, Massachusetts, but their true home is the world. Inveterate travelers, they've planned their next trip around their favorite means of transportation . . . their 1958 Lincoln Premiere Landau. "Wherever we go, the Lincoln look is like a passport," say the Worcesters. "Its simple elegance is admired everywhere by the people we know."



Mr. Worcester's great-grandfather owned the fast clipper ship, "Charger" (painting on wall). "He must have felt the same way about his ship as I do about my Lincoln," says Mr. Worcester. "Both have that clean, functional look."

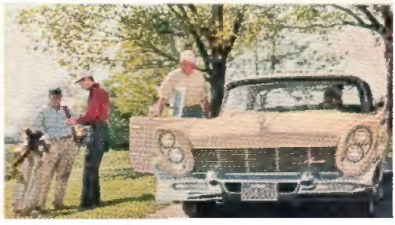
THE WORCESTER FAMILY AND THE LINCOLN LOOK

Good taste comes naturally to Mrs. Worcester. Two examples are her flower arrangements and the interior of her 1958 Lincoln. For the Lincoln, she chose blue Bridge of Weir leathers from Scotland, set off by rich Lincoln Cameo fabrics.

"The Lincoln takes everything in its stride," says Mrs. Worcester. "The winding roads of Brae Burn Golf Club or the steepest hills of the Rockies. Believe it or not, I know why! Uniframe construction. Right, Mr. Worcester?"

LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY







For the most colorful days
of the year, what is more suitable (or more comfortable) than a Hart Schaffner & Marx sport coat? The stripes are new. The color combinations, intriguing. All in good taste, as you'd expect from HS&M. Comfort and distinction are tailored right into every sport coat by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Along with it goes the added assurance of knowing you're well-dressed. Have you checked *your* closet lately?

New note for Fall: *Burgundy with Black*, a rich and delightful color combination. Available in a wide variety of fine imported and domestic fabrics.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE NAME THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO SO MANY WELL-DRESSED MEN

END-OF-SUMMER BOATING

The nation's leading races and regattas through November 1

AUGUST

17-23 World Star Class Championship, San Diego.
18-23 International 110 World Championships, Larchmont, N.Y.
18-24 Thistle Nationals, Fairhope, Ala.
21-24 National Stock Outboard Championships, APBA, Miami.
22-24 Ensenada Predicted Log Race, powerboat, San Diego.
23-24 Silver Cup, Unlimited, APBA, Detroit.
24 Chicago Daily News Regatta, Chicago.
25 Retired Skippers Race, Blue Hill Bay, Me.
25-28 Adams Cup, Women's National Championship, Luders 16, Chicago.
25-29 North American Six-Meter Championships, Globe and Mail trophy, Victoria, B.C.
26-28 Raven Nationals, Noroton, Conn.
26-29 Sears Cup, Junior Nationals, Flatties, Vancouver, B.C.
29-30 Windjammers, San Francisco to Santa Cruz Race, Santa Cruz, Calif.
29-Sept. 1 Tri-State Race, Lake Michigan, Chicago.
30 Stamford Vineyard Race, Long Island Sound.
30-31 Duke of York Trophy, Inboard, APBA, Huntsville, Ont.
30-Sept. 1 Labor Day Regatta, Newport Beach, Calif.
30-Sept. 1 Fleet Cruise, San Diego to Mission Bay, Calif.

SEPTEMBER

1-13 America's Cup final selection trials, 12 meters, Newport, R.I.
3-6 International Lightning Class Championship and Presidents' Cup, Beach Haven, N.J.
5 Catalina Island Race, Ahmanson Trophy, Newport Beach, Calif.
6-7 Jet 14 Nationals, Mansfield, Ohio.
6-7 National Championships, Unlimited, Inboard, APBA, Buffalo.
6-7 [illegible]-Rhodes Catalina Island Race, Newport Beach, Calif.
7 Manhattan Marathon, Stock, Outboard, APBA, New York.
8-13 North American Star Class championship, Oxford, Md.
13-14 Hat Island race, Tri-Island Series, Seattle.
13-14 E Racing Runabout and Cracker Box Nationals, APBA, Newport Beach, Calif.
13-14 North American Firefly Championships, Winthrop, Mass.
15-18 Mallory Cup, Men's North American Championship, 210s, Rye, N.Y.
19-21 Todos Santos Island Race, Rumsey Series, San Diego.
20 America's Cup, Challenge Match begins, Newport, R.I.
20-21 President's Cup, Unlimited, Inboard, APBA, Washington, D.C.
21 APBA Stock Outboard Marathon, Trenton, Mich.
27 Santa Barbara Island Race, Whitney Trophy, Los Angeles.
28 APBA Stock Outboard Marathon, Needles, Calif.
30 Scandinavian Gold Cup, 5.5 meter, Galveston Bay, Kemah, Texas.

OCTOBER

4-5 Fall Regatta, Newport Harbor, Calif.
4-5 Governor's Cup, Unlimited, APBA, Madison, Ind.
4-5 280 National Championship and Mile Trials, APBA, Elizabeth City, N.C.
6-10 United States 5.5-meter Championship, Galveston Bay, Texas.
12-14 Giovanelli Cup, 5.5 meter, Galveston Bay, Kemah, Texas.
15-16 Sahara Cup, Unlimited, APBA, Lake Mead, Nev.
27-Nov. 1 Western Hemisphere Snipe Championship, Montagu Bay, Nassau, Bahamas.


FURNITURE BY DINOLEVI


CAR BY FIAT


SHOES BY SALVATORE FERRAGAMO


MEN'S SHIRTS BY BATTAGLIA

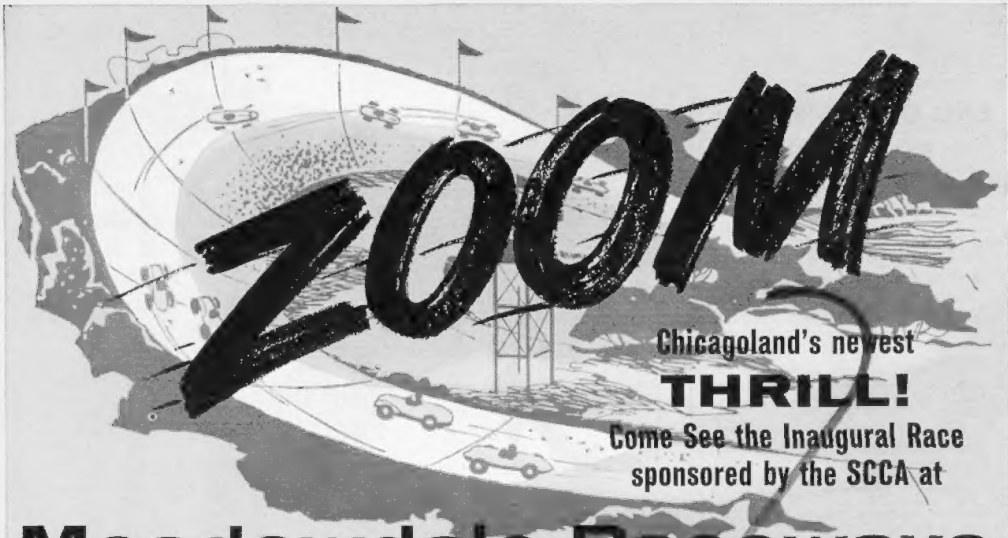

GLASS BY FLLI TOSO


JEWELRY BY BUCCELLATI

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

For everything from sportswear to sportscars, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand. Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must *taste* it.

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.



Meadowdale Raceways

World's Newest and Finest Race and Sports Car Course

Chicagoland scores again! 4¼ miles of speed-designed roadway carved out of wooded hills. 15 tricky turns including 45° banked curve that surpasses the famed Monza turn in Italy...it requires minimum driving of 140 mph to take the curve.

Meadowdale spectators enjoy hilltop viewing and safety... 97% of race-course runs BELOW observing points. More than 235 acres for free parking, and picnic room galore.

Inaugural performance of the sports car raceway that will make world history. You'll never forget it! Bring the family for the thrill of a lifetime.

SCCA Inaugural Race

Sept. 14th

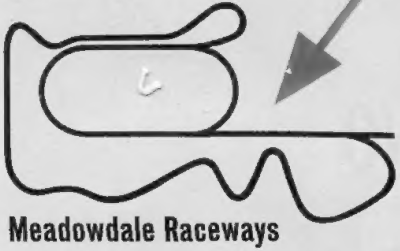
Time Trials Sept. 13

IT'S EASY TO GET TO MEADOWDALE RACEWAYS!

Take the brand-new Rockford Expressway out of Chicago to Route #31. Turn off and follow the markers North to Meadowdale. OR—Travel by Greyhound Bus or Milwaukee Railroad from Chicago to Elgin, Ill. Shuttle bus service direct from bus and train station to Race Track.

Admission At The Gate
$5.00 incl. tax (Includes Time Trials on Sept 13. and Main Events on Sept. 14)

Children Under 12
ADMITTED FREE



Meadowdale Raceways

Advance Admission Tickets @ $3.00 per person on Sale at all Polk Bros. stores in Chicagoland through 10:00 PM September 13. Children under 12 admitted free.

Buy ADVANCE Admission Tickets from POLK BROS. and SAVE!

Only $3.00 for 2-day Admission Tickets for all persons over 12-yrs. at any Polk store, or use the Coupon below.

SEND TO POLK'S TODAY

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—BIRDIE TEBBETTS, reported on way out in Cincinnati, beat Redlegs to punch, resigned because "in my heart, I believe that it is better for Cincinnati baseball." His temporary replacement: grizzled old (62) Jimmy Dykes.

PITTSBURGH PIRATES dumped Milwaukee twice, suddenly had illusions about National League pennant when they found themselves in second place, only five games behind Braves. But dream lasted only until they hit Cincinnati where revived Redlegs won three out of four, sent Pirates limping back to third place behind San Francisco. Braves pulled up slack, won seven straight from Redlegs and Phillies to stretch lead over Giants to fat eight games. Los Angeles, perked up by news that Walter Alston's job was safe for 1959, climbed out of cellar to fourth place tie.

NEW YORK YANKEES, heading heal-bent for American League flag, began to sputter, lost two to Orioles, one to Senators and three out of four to Red Sox as Chicago, latest to have go at leaders, ran off five in row, but were still 11½ games off pace.

BOXING—FRANKIE CARBO, ex-convict and boxing's shadowy lamster under indictment by New York grand jury on 10 counts of being undercover manager and matchmaker, had still another reason to keep himself scarce. Federal Government got into act with civil suit for $750,719 in back taxes, interest and penalties for seven of the years from 1944 to 1952, stirred rumor that next step may well be criminal action for subsequent tax years.

NINO VALDES, hulking Cuban heavyweight who has been yammering for shot at title, sputtered fitfully and spasmodically while Manager Bobby Gleason screamed himself hoarse, rallied manfully in last two rounds to take 10-round split decision from weary Mike DeJohn at Rochester, N.Y.

FOOTBALL—COLLEGE ALL-STARS, looking more like pros than Detroit Lions, caught NFL champions with their defenses down, passed and kicked their way to 35-19 victory before 70,000 at Chicago. Down seven points at end of first quarter, All-Stars took to air with Michigan State's Jim Ninowski (*see page 10*) pitching to Illinois' Bobby Mitchell, who raced 84 and 18 yards for touchdowns. Added bonus came from Texas A&M's Bobby Joe Conrad (*see page 28*), a neophyte at art of field goal kicking, who booted four—from 19, 44, 24 and 24 yards.

PROS, anxious to test their rookies under combat conditions, cranked up exhibition season, but it was veterans who stole show. Ball-hawking Cliff Livingston blocked two punts, intercepted pass to lead New York Giants to 19-10 win over San Francisco; tricky Willie Galimore galloped for two scores to help Chicago Bears defeat Chicago Cards 24-7; Norm Van Brocklin, as adept as ever despite shift from Los Angeles to Philadelphia, tossed three touchdown passes to beat Baltimore 30-28; Billy Wade, onetime Van Brocklin stand-in, treated 73,164 to eye-filling show at Los Angeles, sparking Rams to 31-10 triumph over Washington; Cleveland outdefensed Pittsburgh 10-0.

TENNIS—U.S. DAVIS CUPPERS moved step nearer Brisbane, polishing off Argentina in quick order in American Zone final at Rye, N.Y. Barry MacKay and Ham Richardson overpowered Eduardo Soriano and Enrique Morea in singles while MacKay teamed up with Sammy Giammalva to turn back same pair in doubles for clinching point.

SHOOTING—SOVIET sharpshooters were on target, outbanged U.S. experts 2,776 to 2,727 for new world record, won small bore pistol event as world shooting championships got under way in Moscow.

HORSE RACING—CHICAGO'S ARLINGTON PARK hung out dollar sign last week, ponied up $267,225 for two big races, found willing takers. Battle Heart—bred and owned by Lexington's Ed Metz and winner of only $5,977 in six previous starts, a fact which readily explained his 45-to-1 price, stepped smartly through six furlongs, showed his hoofs to favored and previously unbeaten Dark Vintage to haul down $71,000 of $107,140 gross in Princess Pat for 2-year-old fillies. Three days later, Claiborne Farm's strapping Nadir, no stranger to big purses, broke fast, pranced merrily around heavy track under superb handling of fiery Manuel Yeaza to win $160,075 American Derby for 3-year-olds and $141,600 pot for Owner Bull Hancock. Raised Yeaza, who once called Jewel's Reward "the best horse I ever rode": "He's a great one . . . the best 3-year-old I've ever ridden."

ADMIRAL VEE, gallant old geezer whose earnings have helped Owner Edward Seinfeld build plush Miami motel, fought off Inside Tract in head-bobbing stretch duel, dropped his nose down in front at wire to take $56,700 Saratoga Handicap.

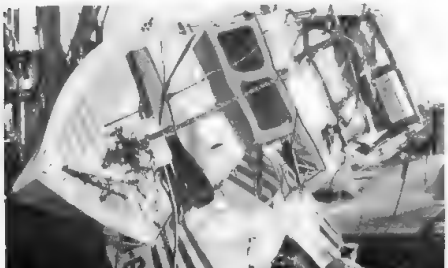
GOLF—MIKE SOUCHAK, longball belting ex-Duke footballer who had gone two years without tournament victory, finally hit jackpot in St. Paul Open, mangling Keller Course with 25-under-par 263 to win welcome $3,500 first-place money.

TRACK & FIELD—U.S. track and field nomads, laden down with shining trophies and exotic souvenirs, and bubbling with optimism for future after victories over Russia, Poland, Hungary and Greece, flew into New York's International Airport, received well-deserved pat on back from Mayor Robert L. Wagner. Summed up Coach George Eastment: "A very rewarding trip, but we're glad to be home."

IAAF, after months of pondering, nodded approval to three controversial world records, added 15 more (six by Americans) to official books. Russia's Yuri Stepanov, whose reported use of "elevator" shoes caused prolonged hesitation, was given

continued

focus on the deed . . .

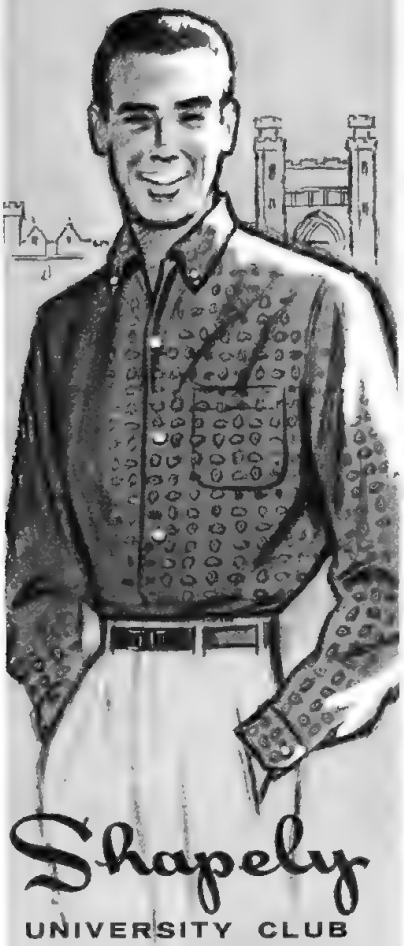


ILL-FATED HYDRO, *Miss Thriftway,* its prow still buried engine-deep in bow of Coast Guard boat, is raised from Lake Washington. But racer broke away and sank in 80 feet of water.



HUSTLING 3-YEAR-OLD, Nadir, running easily under Jockey Manuel Yeaza, leads Victory Morn (*left*) and Talent Show (*right*) to the wire in richest American Derby at Chicago's Arlington Park (*see above*).

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BOATING—AMERICA'S CUP contenders exchanged greetings with British challenger *Sceptre* at Newport, then set out for eight days of Observation Trials. *Vim*, John Matthews' grand old lady of the sea, outsailed *Columbia* and *Weatherly* in match races, was still boat to beat. *Easterner*, sometimes moving smartly but not often enough, trailed both *Columbia* and *Weatherly*.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—LISTER-JAGS took their first major beating on SCCA circuit at Montgomery, N.Y., where Chuck Daigh of Beverly Hills, behind wheel of Lance Reventlow's Chevy-powered Scarab, swirled into lead when Walt Hansgen was forced to pits with blown tire held narrow advantage and average speed of 77.1 mph to end of 50-lap race. But Runner-up Hansgen still picked up 1,000 points in race for Class C modified driving championship. At Milwaukee, Home-towner Augie Pabst pushed his 2.5-liter Ferrari Testa Rosa at average speed of 74.9 mph, rode off with first national SCCA victory.

FISHING—ATLANTIC TUNA TOURNAMENT at Galilee, R.I. began with flood of giant bluefins (record 50 in first two days), ended abruptly when dense off-shore fog, raucous winds and rough seas kept eager anglers idle on final day. Nathan Schwartz of Cranston, R.I. snared biggest tuna, a 595-pounder—while Montauk, L.I., Yacht Club landed team prize with 2,944 points.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED: JOHNNY SUMMERLIN, 26, onetime ranking heavyweight who was approved by Michigan Athletic Board physician for losing (by KO in fifth) fight with Nino Valdes May 24 despite numbness in left side, later diagnosed as hypesthesia (SI June 16); at Detroit.

DIED: HENRY RUSSELL (RED) SANDERS, 53, talented coach who came out of South (Vanderbilt) to lead UCLA to football heights; of heart attack, at Los Angeles (*see page 26*).

FOR THE RECORD

BICYCLE RACING—*JACK DISNEY, Pasadena, sr. men's title, for fifth straight year, with 21 pts., Newark, N.J.*

BOATING—*CANADA, over U.S., 146 181/4, for Intl. Tenderen Class sailing title, Chicago. CANADA, over U.S., 4866, for N. American canoe racing championship, Salisbury, Vt. BUCK BAILEY, Corpus Christi, Intl. Highlander Regatta, with 97½ pts., Corpus Christi. LUTINE, skippered by B. A. Stewart, 511-m. yacht race from Cowes, England to Santander, Spain.*

BOXING—*MICKEY CRAWFORD and GASPAR ORTEGA, 10-round draw, welterweights, New York.*

GOLF—*CARY MIDDLECOFF, Hollywood, Fla., Mdlrt Open, with 363 for 72 holes, Milwaukee. WILLIE GOGGIN, San Jose, Calif., Natl. Open Seniors title with 270 for 72 holes, Spokane. GEORGE CAMPBELL, Belmont, Mass., over Stan Zakas, in playoff, Natl. Amputee title for third year, Springfield, N.J.*

HORSE RACING—*KHALITA, $7,950 Del Mar Debutante Stakes, 6 f., by 2½ lengths, in 1:10 3/5, Del Mar. Ray York up. FIRST MINISTER, $14,675 Grand Union Hotel Stakes, 6 f., by 3½ lengths, in 1:14, Saratoga. William Boland up.*

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*FIREBALL ROBERTS, Daytona Beach, NASCAR 160-m. sweepstakes, in 1:45:38, with 88.77 mph average, in 1957 Chevy, Weaverville, N.C. JOHNNY THOMPSON, Boyertown, Pa., ISAC big car 100-miler, in 1:01.06, track record, with 98.1 mph average, in D-A Lubricant, Springfield, Ill.*

MOTORCYCLE RACING—*JOE LEONARD, San Jose, Calif., 50-m. natl. title, Springfield, Ill.*

SHOOTING—*JAMES CLARK, Shreveport, La., U.S. pistol title, with 2,598 pts., out of possible 2,700, Camp Perry, Ohio. Women's champion: Mrs. Gertrude Backstrom, Hoquiam, Wash., for fourth time.*

SKIING—*KALEVI HAKKINEN, Finland, combined title, with 2.26 pts., Fortelloses Gold Cup, Portillo.*

SPEARFISHING—*ELLEN ROGERS and GILLI LEVI CAMPBELL, Manhattan Beach, Calif., Natl. Open title, with 11 gamefish weighing 104¾ lbs., West End, Grand Bahamas.*

TENNIS—*MRS. DOROTHY KNODE, Forest Hills, N.Y., over Mary Ann Mitchell, 6-, 6-3, Essex County Club invitation singles, Manchester, Mass. YALE-HARVARD, over Oxford-Cambridge 15-6, for Prentice Cup, Wimbledon. U.S. SENIORS, over Canada, 8-0, for Gordon Cup, Lake Placid, N.Y. S. CALIFORNIA, over Western, 6-1, for U.S. girls' intersectional title and Eleonora Sears Challenge Bowl, Philadelphia.*

WATER POLO—*ILLINOIS AC, over Lynwood, Calif., 5-4, Natl. AAU championship, Chicago.*

continued



SKYBORNE SAILOR Rod Stephens hangs precariously from bosun's chair as he clears fouled line aboard *Columbia* in America's Cup test.



RESIGNED REDLEG Birdie Tebbetts, left, offers a few words of advice to his interim replacement, Coach Jimmy Dykes (*see page 7*).



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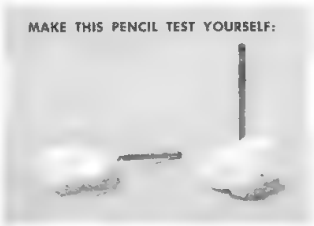
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faces in the crowd . . .



JUDY ELLER, Old Hickory, Tenn. 17-year-old who comes by her skill naturally (her dad is a golf pro), rolled in 10-footer for birdie 3 on 17th, beat Sherry Wheeler 1 up to retain U.S. junior title at Greenwich, Conn.



JIM NINOWSKI, Ex-Michigan State quarterback whose pinpoint passing beat Detroit Lions for All-Stars, may be latest darling of pros. He and Illinois' Bobby Mitchell, co-winners of MVP award, will play for Cleveland.



JAMES MILEY, 15, lanky Muncie, Ind. schoolboy, zipped U.S. Low-slung fiber glass, gravity-powered racer down 975-foot course at Akron in 27.87 to win All-America Soap Box Derby and $5,000 college scholarship.



DEBBIE HELDMAN, 12, daughter of *World Tennis* Editor Gladys Heldman and pupil at famed tennis school in Hamtramck, Mich., upset Barbara Seewagen 6-1, 4-6, 9-7 for Canadian junior women's title at Ottawa.



GENGEAN KEATING, able Marblehead sailor, skippered Corinthian YC to win in New England semifinal at Camden, Maine, will try for Adams Cup in Chicago Aug. 25. Her crew: Ann Moulton and Mrs. James Ronan.



STAN HACK JR., Air Force lieutenant son of former Chicago Cub player and manager (now St. Louis coach), is making mark as tennis player, last week won World Wide Air Force open singles crown at Dayton.



ELDIS COBO-ARTEAGA, young (28) Havana telephone engineer, made right moves at Rochester, Minn., lost only one game as he outmaneuvered strong field for nine wins, two draws on way to U.S. open chess title.



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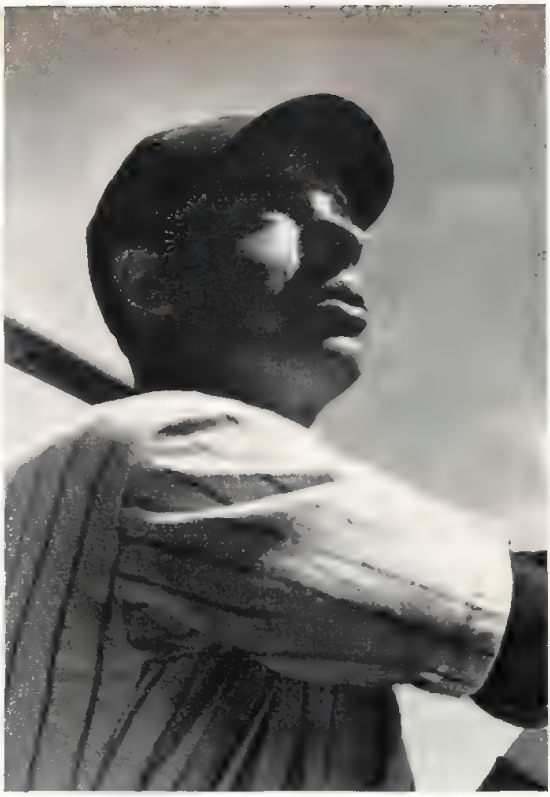
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BIGGEST PAIR of hitters ever to play on same club, Ruth and Gehrig were twin heroes of the famous 1927 Yankees.



CATALYST that turned perennial second-place team into record-breaking 1936 World Champions was brilliant rookie center fielder, Joe DiMaggio

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
AUGUST 25, 1958

THE GREATEST

There's a strong argument in favor of this year's runaway Yankees. But how about 1927? And 1953?

by ROBERT CREAMER

IF you have not yet seen this year's New York Yankees play, the suggestion is made that you do so—via box office or cathode-ray tube—at once, or at any rate before the 1958 season passes forever into Taylor Spink's *Baseball Guide and Record Book*. For there is good reason to believe that this Yankee team is a rare prize for the baseball connoisseur: it may well be the best Yankee team that ever played ball, better than the best Joe McCarthy ever managed, better even (oh, sacrilege!) than Miller Huggins' heroic buckoes of 1927.

Joe Cronin of the Boston Red Sox, who has been in the major leagues as a player, a manager and an executive for more than 30 years, insists in his quiet but positive way that baseball is better played now than it was 20 and 30 years ago. "The fielding is better than it used to be," Cronin says. "The pitchers are better. The hitters are smarter. The players know more about the game; they're taught more about it; they're trained better. It's definitely a better game."

The argument that puts this team of Mantle and Berra, Turley and Ford, McDougald and Kubek, Howard and Bauer and Slaughter and Skowron and Duren above the great Yankee teams of the past is based on that assumption—that the game is better, more efficiently played today—and on the impression the Yankees make as a squad of 25 highly talented players, rather than as a team of eight men plus a pitcher or two.

There is an extraordinary breadth of ability on this team, so much so that slumps and injuries that would throw a lesser team completely off stride (as Herb Score's injuries have toppled Cleveland, and the early-season failure of one or two pitchers ruined Chicago's pennant dream) are absorbed by the Yankees almost without notice. There is depth



RIGHT MAN IN RIGHT SPOT, theme of Stengel's superb 1953 team, was best exemplified by the great clutch pitching of Allie Reynolds.



VERSATILE Yankees of 1958 are led by broad-backed Mickey Mantle, best switch-hitting slugger in game's history.

YANKEE TEAM EVER

—which means, simply, that the Yankees have more good players than anyone else—and there is startling versatility.

There is no key player, other than Mantle, who despite his low average this year is still the most feared hitter in baseball. Berra, the best catcher in the league, fell off in his hitting; Howard, whom some call the second-best catcher in the league, took up the slack. When Skowron, the best first baseman in the league, was hurt, Howard filled in there, too, and at other times he played the outfield. McDougald, the best shortstop in the league last year, moved to second this season to make room for young Tony Kubek; now there is a school of thought that says Gil McDougald is the best second baseman in the league and that Kubek may be even better at short than McDougald.

The team is leading the major leagues in runs scored. Its pitching is by far the best in the majors. And Baltimore's Paul Richards, whose baseball teachings always stress pitching and fielding, says the 1958 Yankees are the best defensive team he's ever seen.

The strongest praise for the Yankees comes from the also-rans in the American League, that frustrated group of can't-win-for-losing ball clubs that may well end up further behind in this pennant race than any other losing group of American Leaguers in baseball history. (The 1927 Yankees won by 19 games, the 1936 Yanks by 19½, the record. This year's team led by 17 games on Aug. 2, and though that margin was well pared in the last two weeks, the Yankees have five full weeks of the season left to experiment with.)

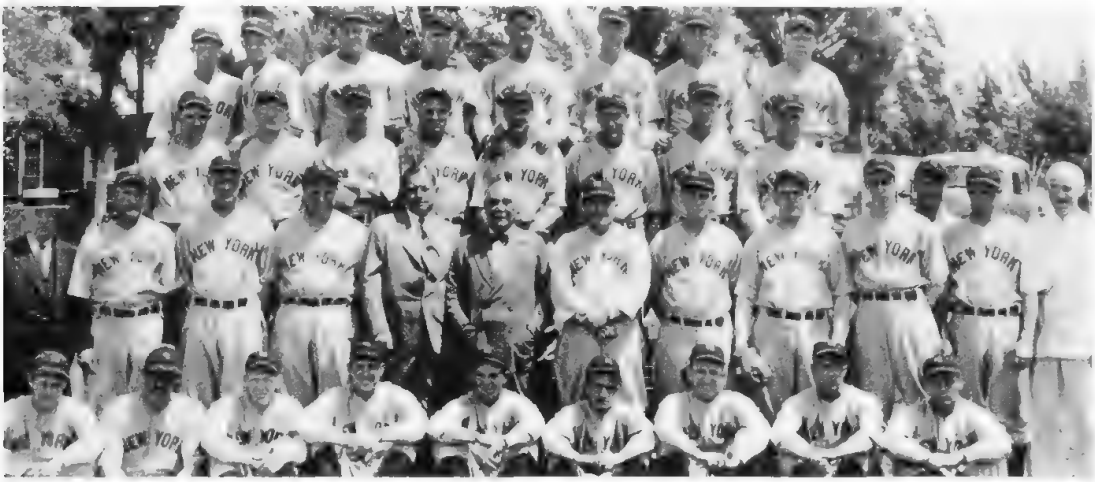
Now, of course, it sounds like a clear case of self-justification for the defeated to blame their plight not on their own weakness but on the victor's strength. But Bill Norman, manager of the Detroit Tigers, who made a most determined run at the Yankees in June, when they beat the New Yorkers six successive times, argues: "The Yankees are responsible for what's happening in this league. From what I've seen they're one of the best teams ever put together."

Norman might be remembering June 22, when the Yankees turned on the tormenting Tigers, scored six runs in the first inning and crushed Detroit 15-0, as if to say, "Now stop bothering me. I warned you."

continued



1927 Front: Dutch Ruetner, p; Joe Dugan, 3b; Ben Paschal, of; Ben Bengough, c; Myles Thomas, p; Mike Gazella, 3b; Ray Morehart, 2b; Fo Benner, bat boy. Middle: Bob Shawkey, p; Joe Giard, p; John Grabowski, c; Charlie O'Leary, coach; Miller Huggins; Fletcher, coach; Herb Pennock, p; Jules Wera, 3b; Pat Collins, c. Back: Lou Gehrig, 1b; Bob Meusel, lf; Babe Ruth, rf; Wiley Moore, p; George Pipgras, p; Earle Combs, cf; Miller; Waite Hoyt, p; Tony Lazzeri, 2b; Mark Koenig, ss; Urban Shocker, p; Cedric Durst, of; Doc Woods, trainer.



1936 Front: Lefty Gomez, p; Pat Malone, p; Red Rolfe, 3b; Bill Dickey, c; Myril Hoag, of; Don Heffner, if; Arndt Jorgens, c; Ted Kleinhans, p; Roy Johnson, of. Second row: Doc Painter, trainer; Mark Roth, secretary; Arthur Fletcher, coach; Earle Combs, coach; John Schulte, coach; George Weiss, farm director; Colonel Ruppert, owner; Joe McCarthy; W. Hershberger, c; V. Tamulis, p; Joe DiMaggio, cf; Lou Gehrig, 1b; Frank Crosetti, ss; F. Wattenberg. Third row: Joe Glenn, c; John Broaca, p; H. Walker; Kemp Wicker, p; Monte Pearson, p; Tony Lazzeri, 2b; N. Richardson, if; Bump Hadley, p. Back: Jack Saltzgaver, if; George Selkirk, rf; Walter Brown, p; Charlie Ruffing, p; Steve Sundra, p; John Murphy, p; Dixie Walker, of; S. Chandler, p. (Hershberger, Tamulis, H. Walker, Richardson and Chandler did not play with Yanks during regular season. Ben Chapman, cf, not in picture, was traded for Jake Powell, lf, soon after the season began.)

1953 Front: Art Schallock, p; Whitey Ford, p; Billy Martin, 2b; Phil Rizzuto, ss; Yogi Berra, c; Steve Kraly, p; Frank Crosetti, coach; Casey Stengel; Bill Dickey, coach; Jim Turner, coach; Gil McDougald, 3b; Irv Noren, of; Gene Woodling, lf; Charlie Silvera, c. Middle: Gus Mauch, trainer; Jim McDonald, p; Willie Miranda, ss; Jerry Coleman, 2b; Bob Kuzava, p; Bill Miller, p; Tom Gorman, p; Bill Renna, of; Gus Triandos, c; Vic Raschi, p. Back: John Mize, 1b; Ed Lopat, p; Andy Carey, 3b; Mickey Mantle, cf; Hank Bauer, rf; Ralph Houk, c; John Sain, p; Don Bollweg, 1b; Allie Reynolds, p; Joe Collins, 1b. Bat boys J. Carrieri and I. Manzidelis are in foreground.



The Tigers tried again, beating the Yankees 12–5 on July 15. That was, apparently, the last goad the Yankees would accept. They whacked the Tigers five straight times; the last three games were by scores of 13 3, 16–4 and 10–7, all before the home folks in Detroit.

This detail is to a purpose, to illustrate the effect the Yankees had on a potentially good team. Riding on that first wonderful surge against New York, Detroit had come from six games under .500 to an even keel, but, after the Yankees had finished smothering them in Detroit, the Tigers collapsed. They lost 10 of 12 games in all, fell from second place to seventh and were further below .500 than they were before they first snarled at Casey Stengel.

The Cleveland Indians, too, felt the morale-breaking strength of this team. The Indians were gay when they came into New York in July, and were even gayer when they beat the Yankees 12–2 in the first of a five-game series. The next day the Yankees beat the Indians in a doubleheader, beat them 11–3 the day after that and then humiliated them 10–0 in the final game of the series. The Indians lost 11 of 14 games before they shook out of their stupor.

This was Norman's point and the cardinal attribute of the 1958 Yankees: they crush every challenge, they don't allow an opposition party time to organize.

In the beginning, when the race by its very newness was close, they were overwhelming. They won 25 of their first 31 games to open a huge nine-game lead. Seven times they shut out their opponents in that first 31-game sprint, and eight other times they held them to one run. Of the six games they lost, three were by one run, another by two. Only once were they soundly defeated. Later, after their June letdown, when first the Red Sox and then the Tigers and then the Indians made faintly threatening noises, the Yankees again roused themselves. In a five-week drive, they won 24 and lost eight, sent their rivals spinning and more than doubled their already substantial lead. When they surge again after their August doldrums (their seven-and-10 record from Aug. 3 through Aug. 17 paralleled the earlier recession—six wins and nine losses—that slowed them temporarily in June), a record 20-game margin by the end of the season will be within clear reach, especially if the other clubs, demoralized by the Yankees, continue to flounder.

Then, if Joe Cronin is right and the Yankees demonstrate that they are by far the best team in their league and probably in baseball, who is to say that this beautifully balanced squad is not the greatest Yankee team of all?

THERE ARE OTHERS

Well, Casey Stengel for one says this isn't even *his* best Yankee team, though he won't say which team was. Casey, who fears creeping complacency in his men the way a gardener fears crab grass in his lawn, may have been using a psychological spur to rouse his players who on occasion do seem slightly bored by it all.

George Weiss, the Yankees' general manager, won't say this is the best team and he won't say it isn't. He admits a fondness, however, for the 1947 and 1949 Yankee teams, preseason underdogs, who fused into pennant-winning teams and played with far more fire and dash than this year's superefficient model.

Sportswriters who cover the Yankees say emphatically that this year's club cannot compare with the Yankees of the past. They talk of 1923 and 1932 and 1941, but highest praise ultimately focuses on the Yankees of 1927, 1936 and 1953.

The 1927 Yankees have been called the greatest of all time more often than any other club in the annals of baseball. There is much to support this claim, though long years of retelling stories have left a rich patina of legend over the facts. For instance, legend insists the team was packed with explosive out-of-the-park hitters from the top of the batting order to the bottom. This is simply not true. The fence-busting power of the 1927 Yankees was concentrated in the really fabulous performances of Babe Ruth, who hit 60 home runs, and Lou Gehrig, who hit 47. These totals are impressive today, but in 1927 they were almost unbelievable. Ruth hit more home runs *by himself* than any other club in the league did as *a team*. Ruth was first in the league with homers, Gehrig second and teammate Tony Lazzeri third, with 18. Only five other men in the league hit more than 10 home runs. To dominate as overwhelmingly today, Ruth would have to hit 139 home runs and Gehrig 111.

Of the others, Meusel, Combs and Lazzeri were excellent hitters, but Koenig and Dugan were only ordinary, and the catchers (there were three) were weak. The pitching, concentrated almost entirely in six men (including the great relief pitcher, Wilcy Moore), was the best in the league.

But it may cause raised eyebrows to realize that such journeymen as Gazella, Wera, Durst, Thomas, Paschal, Giard, Grabowski, Morehart and Collins made up almost 40% of that great team's roster.

The 1936 club had much more of a top-to-bottom slugging lineup than the 1927 Yanks. Seven regulars hit home runs in double figures, the club set a new major league team record of 182 homers (24 more than in 1927) and it scored more than 1,000 runs (90 more than in 1927). This was the team of Gehrig, Lazzeri, Crosetti and Rolfe, of Dickey, of Ruffing, Gomez, Pearson and Murphy. The pitching was deep and extremely effective, Dickey hit .362, and Gehrig won the Most Valuable Player award, but the key man was Joe DiMaggio, in his rookie year. An outstanding fielder with a magnificent arm, a powerful batter and a great base runner, DiMaggio established the tone of the McCarthy-era Yankees: a quiet but brilliant all-round efficiency.

Casey Stengel's 1953 team was a far more jumbled group of players, geared, naturally, to the 25-man-squad platoon-style baseball that Casey had popularized after his return to the majors in 1949. Woodling, Mantle, Bauer and Noren were the outfielders, yet none played more than 126 games. Eight different men played shortstop at different times, and John Mize, ostensibly a first baseman, appeared in 66 games as a pinch hitter without having to use his first baseman's mitt. The major strength of the team was its pitching, with Whitey Ford returned from service and Allie Reynolds, the big man of the famous Reynolds-Raschi-Lopat triumvirate, operating out of the bullpen with devastating success the greater part of the year. These were the Yankees who beat the best Brooklyn Dodger team of all time in the World Series. They are the only team ever to win a fifth straight pennant and a fifth straight world championship.

Yet despite all—despite '27 and '36 and '53—who will swear that '58 is not the best of all? **END**

SPECTACLE
Photographed by Richard Meek

'Have You Ever Played Pine Valley?'

There are moments when the golfer feels he must really be beating his way over the desert to Timbuktu, but it is all part of weathering golf's toughest course

LATE in 1912 George Crump, a Philadelphia hotelman, became obsessed with the idea of building a great golf course in the rugged sand-and-pine country of southwestern New Jersey. After lavishing six years of his life on his project, Crump died in 1918. Four years later the final four holes (which Crump had designed) were completed, and the leaders of the golf world began to visit and play Pine Valley, "Crump's Folly." They found not only a great course but an epochal one, 18 tough and imaginatively challenging holes -"an examination in golf," as Bernard Darwin called it in admiration and awe.

By general agreement Pine Valley is the most difficult course in the world. To begin with, each hole is an isolated entity, shut off from the rest of the layout by thick woodlands. One must be straight and one must be fairly long as well, for it takes a pretty good carry to reach the beginning of the fairway from the tees. The intervening yards are a punishing waste of sand strewn liberally with pine bushes, scrub oak, hawthorn, German heather and mountain laurel. Make a mistake at Pine Valley any place and you pay the most uncompromising penalties in golf. It takes a very good golfer indeed to break 100 there the first time around.

"Have you ever played Pine Valley?" There is no more frequent conversation-starter in sport, and simply to be able to answer yes assures a man a definite cachet at any golf club in the world.

7th hole is crossed by compact desert, "Hell's Half Acre," possibly the world's biggest trap



Along with the hole-framing woodlands, sand dominates Pine Valley, its aspect and its strategy—heavy, coarse, bush-strewn sand, much harder to play from than civilized bunkers, a few of which Pine Valley throws in for good measure



10th hole, a 145-yard par-3 and a comparative soft touch, features an island green set in a sea of sand



2nd green lies at crest of stern, sloping Sahara



18*th hole is rough closer—424-yard 4 to a plateau green protected first by a stream, then by bunkering*

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Great Paradox

SIXTY YOUNG AMERICAN athletes returned to the U.S. last week after performances in Communist and non-Communist countries that made them the best good-will ambassadors the country has ever had.

Simultaneously, in Moscow, the heady world of Soviet sport heroes was shaken by a new outbreak of the dread occupational disease that has come to be known in the Communist press as "stardom sickness." Two of the best Russian women athletes were summarily dismissed from the track and field team. Beaten by a newcomer at a meet in Tallinn, Galina Zybrina and Tamara Tyshkevich, the two star shotputters, refused to accept second- and third-place medals, and stalked off the field. Miss Zybrina was subsequently expelled for "egotism and uncomradely behavior." At the same time, Nina Ponomaryeva (who created a minor international crisis two years ago when she was arrested for stealing five hats in London) was officially disgraced for undisclosed reasons, reportedly for superior airs and tantrums.

These might be dismissed as feminine trivialities, but they follow the imprisonment of an outstanding Soviet soccer star (12 years for rape) after disclosures that he was petted, pampered and bonused by the Moscow Economic Council so long as he won, despite a semicriminal career. Stardom sickness is defined as "arrogance induced by hero worship." Sport in Russia is an instrument of international propaganda and, at home, a means of diverting Russian citizens compelled to do without what the West regards as essentials. Victory under such a setup is obligatory. Defeat means loss of face, loss of prestige, loss of the whole reason for subsidizing sport.

The paradox is that the unsubsidized American team, winning and losing, really achieved for the U.S. what the 38-billion-ruble sports program was supposed to do for Russia. There were no incidents involving the American team, no displays of temperament, nothing remotely resembling the clash of race against race or class against class. There was, unfortunately, little backing, either. Expenses (about $30,000) were met by the AAU, which hopes to get its money back when the Russian team comes to the U.S. next year. In the four meets in Russia, Poland, Hungary and Greece, the American team won 85 of 121 events, broke two world records and appeared before 485,000 spectators, friendly to begin with and wildly enthusiastic at the end. If the renomination of Orval Faubus in Arkansas looked like an endorsement of racial demagoguery to Europeans, it was more than answered by the Negroes (notably Rafer Johnson) who made up half of the

continued



Those atomic athletes from down under

American team. The achievement of the American team in terms of sport was pretty impressive; as carriers of the best traditions of American democracy, they were magnificent.

The obvious lesson might appear to be to let well enough alone, avoid all manner of state support or interference and hope for the best again next year. But the truth is that support is needed from somewhere—support for orphan events, now neglected in the U.S., which Europeans value; support for regular meets with European teams; support for a continuing tradition of American competition in international events. Coach Ed Temple, who held together the American women's team (with no state subsidy, few scholarships, inadequate training facilities and no salary), has come to the conclusion that federal support may be necessary. Daniel Ferris of the AAU believes that private funds may be adequate. In view of the record of the Americans abroad, and the revelations of stardom sickness in Moscow, the distinction seems a little unrealistic. It isn't where support comes from, but what it goes to support. The Soviets are plainly subsidizing a sport caste, dedicated to victory for the sake of propaganda. The triumph of the American team in Europe suggests that when the aim is sport, win or lose, propaganda seems to take care of itself.

Ticklish but Tactful

THE CAPTAIN of an amateur sports team who is unable to play every member on the squad usually faces a ticklish moment when it comes time to introduce the players at presentation ceremonies after the competition. The other day at West Newton, Mass., Daisy Ferguson, captain of the British Isles women's amateur golf team which tied the U.S. and so retained the Curtis Cup, showed how it can be done graciously.

One by one, Miss Ferguson introduced the six girls who had competed in the two days of play. She described the contribution of each briefly but eloquently. Then she came to the seventh member of the squad who



had bravely weathered the disappointment of not getting into the lineup either day. Miss Ferguson hesitated not at all.

"And this is our reserve," she said, "Miss Dorothea Somerville, our Scottish champion. Dorothea did everything she was called on to do. She carried messages all over the course, handed out sweets to our girls—and was ready to step in and play at a moment's notice."

Kid Brother

TO BE an only son, and to have five sisters older than yourself, is a rare and rigorous challenge. It happened to young John Palfrey of Brookline, Mass., and with an extra twist as well: his sisters are Polly, Joanna, Lee, Mianne and Sarah; and when he was a boy all five of them could beat him at tennis.

John set to work, though, and eventually got big enough and good enough to beat them all, except possibly Sarah. Sarah Palfrey was an international tennis star with a string of championships to her credit, and because of the difference in their ages she and her brother never met when both were in top form.

Having got off to an early competitive start, John kept going. In boarding school he pitched baseball, and at Harvard he played varsity tennis. As a lawyer, he spent four years in the legal department of the Atomic Energy Commission and then became a member of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, specializing in the legal problems connected with atomic energy. Through it all he remained a tennis player—a left-handed one—and also took up golf.

"No one else at the Institute for Advanced Studies was interested in either golf or tennis," said Palfrey the other day. "So I played with Princeton students or with Clochette, my wife. She and I can be a very irritating mixed doubles team. She gets the ball back and I make trouble at the net."

Palfrey has been a full professor of law at Columbia University since 1956, and last month he became dean of Columbia College. At 39, he could easily pass for a graduate student.

Does he credit his achievements to the early hardship of having five big sisters who could blast him off the tennis court? "Not at all," said the dean the other day, smiling. "After all, by the time I was 18 I could beat them all, except possibly Sarah. She and I argued for years about whether

They Said It

CHARLES GOREN, *after winning Life Masters Pairs championships for the second time in 16 years with Mrs. Helen Sobel, explaining why their partnership has survived almost two decades: "There has never been any romance between us."*

BIRDIE TEBBETTS, *four days before he resigned as manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs: "That's one thing [quitting] you never do in this business. . . . Pride keeps you from quitting, and pride resists getting fired."*

RAFER JOHNSON, *holder of the world decathlon record, asked if he might become a professional basketball player: "I want to be a dentist. However, I also would like to see how good a basketball player I can be."*

BILL MAZEROSKI, *second baseman for the rising Pittsburgh Pirates, on why his wedding date, scheduled for October 4, was hastily rescheduled for October 11: "That's right after the World Series."*

I at my best could beat her at hers, but nowadays we are so relaxed we just play doubles and don't argue.

"There is one thing, though. Every one of my sisters won at least one national title in tennis, and I never did. Maybe it was only indoor doubles for girls 15 and under, but every one of them has her championship. I figure the only chance I have left to win *my* national title is to team up with someone really good, like Bill Talbert, when we are 45—and win the Veterans' Doubles."

Beating the Heat

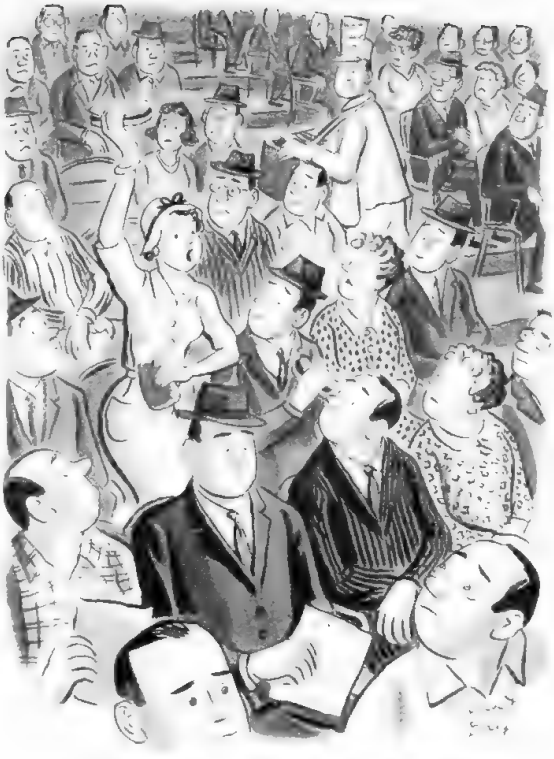
SOMETIMES it's just too hot to lift a finger and sometimes that goes double in Baltimore. But it doesn't go at all for Baltimore football fans. One night last week the Baltimore Colts put on an intrasquad game at Memorial Stadium for the benefit of police-sponsored boys' clubs. Paid attendance (at $1 a head on a hot August night) was 48,309.

Streamlined Sulky

IN HARNESS RACING, the driver of the horse sits on a light, two-wheeled vehicle called a sulky. Sulky is a nice word, which comes down to us from the Greek *aseolcan*, meaning sullen, mopey, going off by oneself to, for instance, cultivate one's garden. From this definition it has also come to mean a single-seat vehicle with which the job of cultivation is done—a sulky plow.

This is pertinent stuff because the U.S. Trotting Association will be obliged shortly to come up with its own definition. According to current USTA rules, a man is eligible to compete in the sport if he has a horse in front of him which he guides from a sitting position in a sulky. There was no need to define the word because, since 1892, all drivers have used essentially the same vehicle—a springless seat slung between two spoked, bicycle-type wheels, attached through shafts to each side of the horse's body by leather straps. Is this a sulky? Well, up to now, yes.

Here now, however, is Joe King of Lockport, N.Y. with ideas of his own.



"Fair warning, everybody! They're stone cold!"

Joe is 44, about 6 feet tall, with brown hair turning gray, a Bell Aircraft engineer who helped design the Rascal (a rocket-powered air-to-surface missile) and who is now working on jet vertical-rising aircraft. Joe is also a trotting fan and breeder of horses. Obviously employing aerodynamic principles, Joe has designed and built a new—well, a new vehicle for harness drivers.

"My No. 1 objective," he says, "was to decrease the drag on the horse. My sulky is to a regular sulky what a streamlined monoplane today is to the early-type biplane. I arrived at it by a process of eliminating all elements of drag on the old sulky and using an attachment to the horse that leaves him completely free and doesn't hamper his movement." Joe's vehicle has no shafts; instead, a center bar arches up from the base of the driver's seat, over the horse's rump and attaches to the top of the animal's bellyband. The wheels are disk-type, of solid aluminum. The seat is on a bar of spring steel, with another bar off it, supplying footrests for the driver.

The vehicle has now been tested at least twice, by respected veteran drivers in upstate New York. Levi Harner hitched it to a pacer named Baldwin Hanover who promptly worked a half mile in 1:01, the best training performance of his career, on a track whose condition was "not too good." Ed Arthur hitched it to a green 2-year-old, went a solo mile, then went a second mile against two older horses, weaving in and out to test the rig under stress and strain approximating race conditions. Arthur said afterward: "This is the greatest invention since the starting gate."

So now it is up to the USTA to answer the question, "What is a sulky?" or, put another way, "Is Joe King's gimmick a sulky?"

One idea might be to hitch the thing to a farm horse in a corn field. If it cuts a straight furrow, it's a sulky all right.

CONTINUED

Red Sanders: a searching essay appraising the man and the football wizard whose sudden death shocked the sports world

HENRY RUSSELL (Red) SANDERS, who died suddenly and shockingly in a downtown Los Angeles hotel room last week, was one of the few men in football coaching who genuinely merited the accolade "wizard." Whatever special talents of psychology and acumen coaching took, Red Sanders had them in abundance. His death leaves a gaping hole not only at UCLA but in all Pacific Coast football. The West Coast never held its head as high in the Rose Bowl as when a Sanders eleven took the field to represent it.

UCLA teams under Sanders so unmistakably bore the stamp of good coaching that you were always aware it was the team that was good, not the players. Sanders got good football players. All successful coaches have to. But just as often, Sanders made standout stars out of boys other recruiters overlooked.

Sanders had an uncanny ability to seek out and take the measure of a boy's talent. The players were *his* creations, in a sense, and while he was gruff, even unfriendly to them in their presence, his face would glow with pride when describing their exploits to the press or in after-dinner speeches. He alternately bedeviled and sweet-talked his squad, very much in the manner of a parent who disciplines his children and then is beset by remorse when he sees them innocently asleep at night.

Sanders was a master technician, particularly at defense. It was his firm belief that defense wins football games and championships. To prove his point, he stuck with the archaic single-wing offense, the Model T Ford of football offenses, in which the opponents were never surprised, merely overpowered. Sanders' real offense was the mistakes his iron-gang defensive line could force the opponents to make.

He picked his players for resoluteness of purpose rather than ingrained skill. He was fond of saying, "Winning is not the most important thing, it's the *only* thing." He could not tolerate players who did not similarly approach football as a high and holy art. Red had private moments of cynicism, but not about football. He kept all-state halfbacks on the bench throughout their college careers whenever he thought he detected an attitude of scorn on their part, and he once admitted he delved into the disciplinary history of athletes before allowing his recruiters to approach them.

He encouraged absolute autonomy on the part of his players on game day but demanded complete subservience from them on the practice field. He drove himself and his players ferociously to build his football empire, but once he had the production line functioning—circa 1952, or four years after he had signed on at UCLA—he was able to relax and run his operation much like a chairman of the board. The Pacific Coast Conference penalties two years ago brought him tumbling down from his chairmanship and back into shop foremanship once again. Red's life may very well have been shortened by the necessity for him to get back to grass roots coaching to reassemble the remnants of his squads. (His best players were restricted to a half season of play in the last two seasons.)

DROVE HIS SQUAD

Oldtimers around UCLA had never seen Red drive his squad—and himself—as hard as he did the past two years. As tough and sardonic as a top sergeant with sore feet, a study in refined sadism, he set about to turn a passel of nice kids into a gang of relentless roughnecks—and football craftsmen. And he did.

It would be futile and unworthy to pretend Red Sanders didn't play as hard as he worked. He loved good music and good whisky. The music was Dixieland, the whisky Jack Daniel's.

Red was a Southerner by birth and predilection. He had some of the prejudices of the South when he first arrived in southern California because he didn't realize they were prejudices. They were, if such a thing is possible, innocently acquired. The crime, if any, was heredity. But Sanders used the epithet for Negroes, for instance, so innocently in his early career that he once used it addressing a mixed audience. It had never occurred to him it would be offensive because he had not intended it as such. As it turned out, it was the white persons in the audience who raised a public protest. The Negroes accepted it in the spirit in which it had been used—as part of a joke. Sanders, in short, treated Negroes as friends, not as special citizens before whom it was necessary to put on a special set of manners.



ON THE DAY BEFORE HE DIED:

With a largely southern coaching staff brought to Los Angeles with him from Vanderbilt in Tennessee, Sanders played more Negroes than almost any university in the entire country, certainly more than his principal coast rivals. It has been claimed that this was because UCLA, a state university, enrolled more, but this argument is invalid. Football players are not selected from the student body at large in this day and age of big-time college football. They are selected as carefully as members of the Union League Club, and it is perfectly possible to find a topnotch football squad of one or many colors and one or many creeds. Red Sanders saw only football players, not minorities.

The bare bones of Sanders' record are evidence enough of his prowess as a coach. His career totals were 102 wins, 41 losses, 3 ties. His UCLA totals were 66 wins, 19 losses, 1 tie. His 1954 team was generally (but not universally) recognized as the national champion—at least co-national champion. Sanders was Coach of the Year, an achievement in which he took great pride.

It was part of Sanders' coaching technique to be aloof. It was an attitude he carried over into private life, and some hangers-on at the



SANDERS WITH RAFER JOHNSON

UCLA practice field have been known to puff with pride if "Coach" acknowledged their presence with even a cordial "Hello." When he wanted to, Red Sanders could be captivating. He had the intelligent man's unfailing sense of humor, but the jokes had to be wry and, on the whole, sophisticated.

He would drive recalcitrant players with sarcasm, but a sarcasm which sometimes even drew a laugh from the victim. "O'Farro," he would yell from his practice-field tower, "you ran up to that man like you were trying to borrow money from him."

He told his linemen on occasion that "you guys are running through there like a bunch of Easter bunnies." He advised his teams to "hitch up your guts." He dealt always in superlatives and sprinkled them liberally through his mimeographed memos which led off his scouting reports distributed to the team on game weeks. "UCLA now has its best offensive in history. . . ." "UCLA has the finest first team in its history. . . ." And so on.

Unfailingly polite, Sanders nevertheless never let people come too close. He was a shy man. He was an excellent public speaker, but suffered horribly from stage fright. It is probable he had fewer close friends than any celebrated man in America. He seemed always to be nursing some private disillusionment for which he bore no grudge but which precluded his ever leading with his heart with anyone.

To those who didn't know him, he could seem sometimes selfish and grasping. He was actually generous. He had many admirers but he inspired awe along with affection. The personality was so electric, one hesitated to touch it. Impatient with amenities, Sanders was a man whose friends even hesitated to claim friendship. "I have covered Red for nine years and I think I know him better than anyone," one sportswriter confesses. "But at the end of that time I don't think I knew him a lot better than the first time I met him."

WELCOMED RAFER JOHNSON

This had been a busy week for Red Sanders. Fall practice was to open on September first and Red welcomed the invigoration a new football season always brought. On Wednesday night, he journeyed with a gay group of hundreds of students and sports fans out to the International Airport to welcome home one of UCLA's greatest athletes, Rafer Johnson, who, along with Kenny Washington and Jackie Robinson—and Red Sanders—has insured that UCLA's athletic reputation will endure as long as games are played anywhere.

Sanders was in a festive mood as he posed cheerfully with Rafer (*above*) and Rafer's family after waiting nearly four hours for a plane that did not arrive until well past midnight, delayed by a bomb scare in New York.

The next morning Sanders awoke late and went to his office for a coaches' staff luncheon. He left shortly after without saying where he was going.

At 4:30 p.m., the shocking news cracked over the radio and press teletypes. A man identified as Red Sanders had been found dead in a hotel room on Beverly Boulevard. The room was registered in the name of an acquaintance of Sanders, W. T. Grimes. Also present was a young woman named Ernestine Drake, who, she told police, did not even know that Sanders was a football coach.

Red, they said, had complained of the heat and humidity when he arrived in the unfashionable hotel room. He had removed his shirt and tie and dispatched Grimes for some refreshment—soft drinks, Grimes pointedly told police. While he was gone, Sanders suddenly began gasping for breath and clutching his chest. He fell to the floor. He was still there, dead, when the police ambulance arrived at the hotel one hour later.

No one knew Red Sanders had a bad heart—unless it was Red Sanders and some cardiologist sworn to secrecy. But anyone with a stethoscope and a degree would have been able to tell it. His heart was enlarged nearly twice normal. Scar tissue indicated long-standing coronary heart disease, an advanced case.

Death is never fortunate, but this was a particularly unfortunate way to die. For Red Sanders moved, most often, in a level of society a great deal more proper than the one in which death overtook him.

The plain fact about Red Sanders as a coach and as a human being was that he had always been good at what he did, but never lucky. The nadir of his professional career probably came, not with the PCC penalties, but in the 1956 Rose Bowl Game. Sanders took on one of the best football squads ever put together, the 1955 Michigan State Spartans. His outmanned athletes played brilliant chess football for almost four quarters, gave Michigan State ground in the middle of the field in order to stall them near the goal line.

With two minutes to play, UCLA had wrung a 14-14 tie, had just stopped Michigan State on their 20-yard line when a field goal, rushed by their line, had missed. They had the ball and two minutes to win, the passer to do it in Ronnie Knox.

What could have been Red's finest moment turned to dross. Assistant Coach Jim Myers unnecessarily signaled for the quarterback to pass. A visiting Big Ten official spotted him and called an unusual, and seldom invoked, penalty. A comedy of errors ensued and finally Sanders' team had to punt. The high punt soared too high and the UCLA captain ran into the receiver. Michigan State again had the ball near the 20. This time the field goal was good. What was to have been a monumental triumph was just another Pacific Coast defeat.

In the dressing room afterward, Red Sanders' face was a mask of tragedy. But he sought no sympathy. "Sometimes," he said, "no matter what you do, you're bound to lose. And when you do, you just have to face it."

And that may be as apt an epitaph as any.

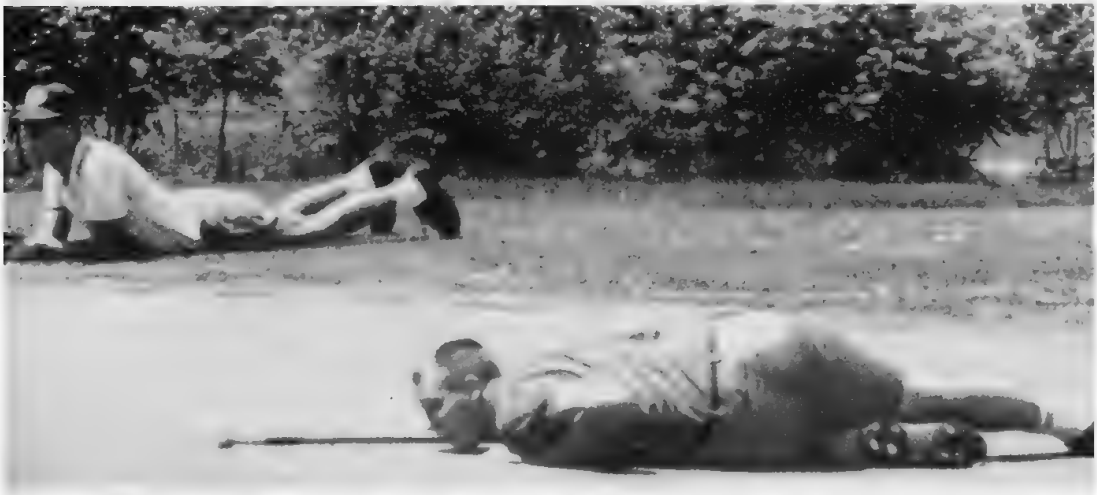
—JAMES MURRAY

It's giving your all,
it's do or die, it's 'One for the Gipper'—

IT'S THE OLD



ON THE DIAMOND: Cleveland's Vic Power demonstrates The Try by stealing home for the second time in a game with Detroit and winning it 10-9 in the 10th inning. So doing, he became the first man in American League history to negotiate such daring thievery twice in one game, and the first man in the majors to do it in 47 years. To Detroit,



ON THE GREEN: Frank James of Grinnell, Iowa puts unwonted attention into a challenging putt in a sudden-death playoff of a quarter-final match at the Western Junior golf championships at Iowa City. And while he managed to sink the ball this time, he lost the match a few holes later to Joel Goldstrand (*left*) of Worthington, Minn. But the point is this:

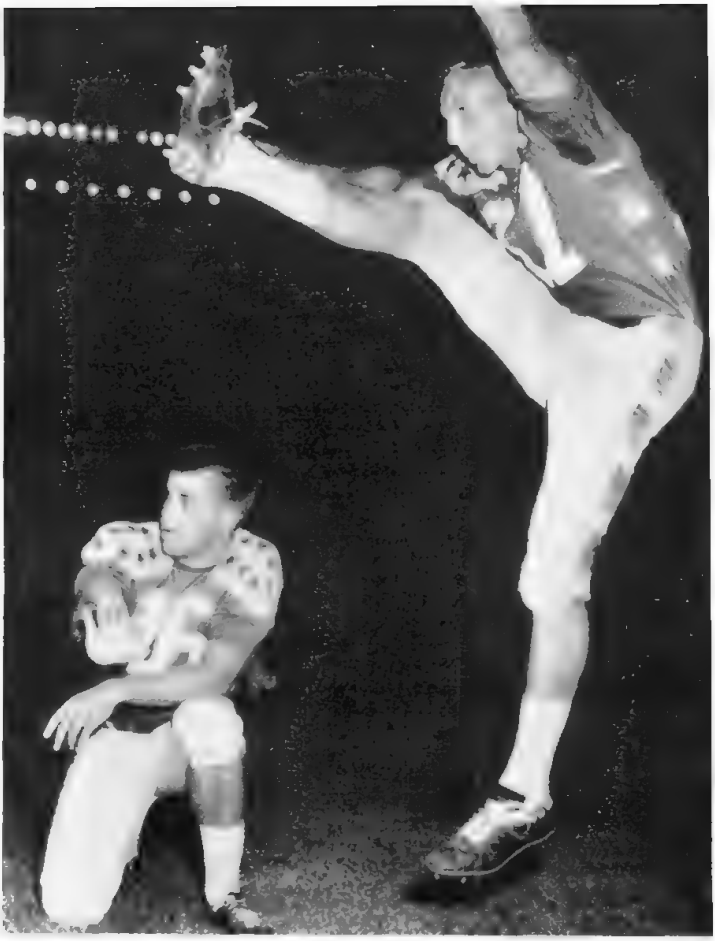
COLLEGE TRY



such a possibility had seemed distinctly remote. For Power had not stolen a base all this season through 106 games.



nobody could walk up to Frank James afterward and accuse him of not having given the playoff everything he had.



ON THE GRIDIRON: For a little while last week, the battle-tested, grid-wise Detroit Lions seemed about to do what the pro football team usually does in the annual All-Star football game in Chicago—methodically dismember the eager but inept collegians. The champions of the pro world moved easily for a touchdown the first time they got the ball, once contemptuously running on fourth down with 13 yards to go at mid-field and making it. The college boys were obviously having a hard time operating the unusually complex defense their coach Otto Graham, the retired nonpareil quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, had given them. This was Graham's first head-coaching assignment, and he had selected similarly young ex-pros as his assistants. It was a tremendously spirited coaching staff, and it soon became apparent that they had imparted this spirit to their youthful charges.

The veteran Lions, understandably, relaxed after that first quick touchdown. The unsophisticated underdog collegians got mad. They began to operate their complex defense brilliantly. They intercepted five pro passes and they did other things, individually, that they had never done before. Bobby Joe Conrad, the almost scrawny, lean-limbed youngster from Texas A&M, shown above limbering up his kicking leg, who had never even tried to kick a field goal in a college game, booted four against the pros and three points after touchdown for good measure. They whipped the pros where the pros are best, in the air, and won a stunning 35-19 victory.

Then they carried their coaches off the field on their shoulders and, over the happy shouting in the dressing room, the most insistent phrase, in the varied accents of farflung U.S. campuses, was "that old college try."

A BIG WEEK FOR GAMBLERS

THE GAMBLER'S GALLERY on the opposite page includes men who think nothing of betting a quarter of a million dollars on a few Saturday football games or horse races or baseball games. How do they do it? Well, they start with someone like Leo Shaffer. Leo is a bookie who has been driven out of places like Chicago, Cincinnati and Winnipeg by spoilsports who believe in enforcing anti-gambling laws. Fed up with this, Leo recently cast around for a locale that would be more tolerant of his activities, and he was sure he had found it in Terre Haute, Indiana. Leo opened shop smack on the main stem, a few short blocks from City Hall, which is like hiring Madison Square Garden for a floating crap game. But Leo evidently was right about the friendly surroundings, and nobody in Terre Haute bothered him as he quickly built up a land-office business. The trouble was, somebody forgot to tell the Federal gumshoes that Terre Haute was supposed to be wide open. They checked Leo's phones (2,200 long distance calls in eight weeks) and observed the traffic through Leo's front door—and moved in. The records they found showed Leo had handled about 30 million dollars in football, baseball and horseracing bets, chiefly by phone, in just two months, obviously catering only to well-heeled clients. These include Dallas oil zillionaire H. L. Hunt, whose football bets start at $25,000 per game and number about 20 games a week, crack Bridge Players John Crawford and Tobias Stone and Zeppo (one of the Hollywood brothers) Marx. Also such familiar names as Jimmy the Greek and Beldon Katleman of Las Vegas.

Terre Haute Mayor Ralph Tucker, a Dapper Dan given to highly polished shoes and near-white trench coats, is no stranger to charges of protected sin flourishing in his town. He promptly passed the buck to his police chief, Frank Riddle, where it now rests. Meanwhile, Leo Shaffer's records were turned over to an energetic young U.S. District Attorney named Don Tabbert, who, last week



D. A. TABBERT, AT 29, IS SITTING PRETTY

in Indianapolis, began asking questions in front of a grand jury, after issuing subpoenas for the folks shown here and 170 others. Tabbert has now demonstrated, sure enough, that a lot of people like to bet and bet big on sports events. Well, Leo Shaffer could have told him that. The next question is: Who in Terre Haute rolled out the welcome mat for Leo?

BIGGEST GAMBLERS of the week, though their activities will hardly come to the official attention of District Attorney Tabbert (*above*), were the crew members of the British yacht *Sceptre*, who arrived in New York led by their skipper, Lieutenant Commander Graham Mann. These men, and many another Englishman who participated in the venture, are betting their time, energy and reputations on the outcome of the race for the America's Cup next month. Skipper Mann has served as Sailing Master of Queen Elizabeth's Dragon class yacht *Bluebottle*, and won a bronze medal for Britain in the 5.5-meter class at the Melbourne Olympic Games. He and crew were on their way to Newport, via Stamford, Conn. (*see opposite*), where they were to receive some unexpected and welcome help in their gamble. Mahlon Dickerson offered to lend them his American 12-meter yacht *Gleam* to serve as a trial horse in their tuneups, a fitting gesture of international sportsmanship. Before leaving New York, the skipper had time to meet and charm the local press.

Mann is 34, weighs 200 even, has a fine broken nose, looks fit, moves well. Notes from the press conference:

Q.: Which American boat would you like most to meet?

Mann (big grin): The slowest, obviously.

Q.: Why did some of the British press predict such a bad showing for *Sceptre*?

Mann (benign smile): Don't you suppose that some of the British newsmen picked up their information rather late at night in bars and such? Let their enthusiasm get beyond their ability, perhaps?

Q.: How many sails has *Sceptre*?

Mann (purr): Oh, simply hundreds.

Q.: Well, what do you really think about *Sceptre*'s chances?

Mann (very gently): Why, even, I should think. If there were not much chance we shouldn't have come over, should we?

That and other things well settled, Mann buzzed off happily, apparently



SKIPPER MANN SAYS IT'S EVEN MONEY

troubled not at all by the fact that all 14 British skippers who sailed for the cup before him over the past 87 years came home losers. The law of averages, if nothing else, favors an Englishman's victory sometime, and the lieutenant commander left his interviewers feeling that if he is as long on sailing as he is on spoof, Mann may well be the man.

An Indiana prosecutor starts a parade of big-time bettors on sports events before a grand jury, while gamblers of another stripe arrive in New York ready to bet more than mere money on the climactic competition of the year



H. L. HUNT, Dallas oil tycoon, started as Arkansas gambler, may be biggest U.S. bettor.



RAY RYAN, Indiana oilman now abroad, calls in bets to bookies from Saudi Arabia.



TOBIAS STONE, bridge expert recently barred for rudeness, was called to testify.



JOHN CRAWFORD, another whiz at bridge, is inveterate bettor on card tournaments.



ZEPPO MARX frequents Las Vegas crap tables, once won $28,000 in hour and a half.



JAMES SNYDER (Jimmy the Greek) shoots marbles for $5,000 stakes, for relaxation.



MRS. FANNY ZORENSKY, denied she was a bookie, describes self as "housewife."



SAM VIERSON of Oklahoma says he bet as high as $10,000 on football with Shaffer.



"SCEPTRES" HULL lies in Luders shipyards at Stamford, Conn. after shipment from England, as preparations are made for rigging. Perhaps prophetic of her chances in the America's Cup is the name of the power boat alongside, though the British seem confident enough. *Sceptre* is now cruising the waters off Newport where the best four of seven cup races start September 20.

A FREE RIDE FOR BIG RED

by DONALD PARKER

The surprising ease with which the College All-Star football squad defeated the professional World Champion Detroit Lions in Chicago (page 29) and the sudden death in Los Angeles of UCLA's famed coach (page 26) were widely separated events last week which combined to inject football into the summer's news with unusual impact. One of the All-Star players was 22-year-old Jim Phillips of Auburn, a typical product of big-time football and big-time football coaching. In the account which follows, Phillips relates his own experiences with the college game and with some of the men who have helped make it a multimillion-dollar business. He attacks no one, draws few conclusions, and the sensational exposé is not in his intentions. But Phillips' simple story should provide educators, sociologists and the men who control football in this country with ample food for thought.

THE LAST TIME Jimmy (Big Red) Phillips cried was a night in December almost five years ago, long before he was an All-America end and a top rookie draft choice for the Los Angeles Rams. It was the night the men from Auburn—the name by which Alabama Polytechnic Institute is generally known in athletic circles—came to his father's house in Alexander City, Ala. to sign him to a four-year football contract.

Jimmy was only 17 then and still had six months to go before graduating from Benjamin Russell High School. He had done extremely well in football that year—he was elected to the All-State team—and his worries about whether he would or would not be able to afford college were apparently over. For the previous four months the colleges had been bidding against each other in an effort to show Jimmy they could afford *him*. Some of the offers made his head swim, and he wondered if they were quite legitimate. He was an honest boy, and though he wanted desperately to play college football, he also wanted to do the right thing. The more he listened to sales talks from the recruiters—one of them even offered to move his parents to Texas and buy them a new house there—the more confused he became. Until then football had been a game to him. The big-business aspect of collegiate football was new and strange. It made him feel uncertain.

The night the men from Auburn came Jimmy had already made up his mind to accept a scholarship from them, partly because Auburn was closest to his home, partly because Auburn had been the most persistent.

When he signed the contract that night, the Auburn representatives smiled and clapped him on the back. They assured him he would not regret his decision. When they left, the big 6-foot-2, 210-pound redhead stumbled into his bedroom and closed the door, and in a short while there was a muffled sound of sobbing. His mother and father heard him from the living room, but they made no move to comfort him. "Leave him alone for a while, Mother," said Jimmy's father softly. "He needs to blow off a little steam."

The boy cried for a long while until, exhausted, he drifted into a deep sleep. He awoke untroubled on the following morning, ready to play football for Auburn for $79 a month plus free laundry service. Today Jimmy can't recall why he cried.

Since that December night in 1953 Jimmy Phillips has been comparatively untroubled, and fortune has smiled upon him, just as the recruiters from Auburn said it would. He became a star and co-captain of Auburn's 1957 national championship squad and was picked as the best right end in the land last season by 21 All-America selectors—more than had voted for any other player. The Los Angeles Rams thought so highly of him that they made Jimmy their No. 1 draft choice and gave him a bonus to boot. He played in three postseason games at the end of last season and was one of the attractions last week on the College All-Star squad that beat the World Champion Detroit Lions 35–19 at Chicago's Soldier Field. Jimmy is still the same shy, easygoing, moral young man who came out of Benjamin Russell High School four years ago. He has not allowed his collegiate laurels to affect him; he still wears the same size helmet he wore at Benjamin Russell. Yet, since the end of his college football career last fall, a significant and welcome change has come over Phillips: he no longer worries about how much money he is taking to play a game he enjoys, but rather how much he can legitimately earn at it.

A PROWLING HALFBACK

Jimmy Phillips knew football at Auburn was going to be a lot different from what it was at Benjamin Russell High almost before he reported for his first freshman practice session.

"They roomed me with Bobby Hoppe, our halfback," he recalls. "He was kind of unsociable at first, but we seemed to get along even though he had a chip on his shoulder. I remember I was studying in our room one night. Hoppe was out somewhere prowling around. He was like that. You never knew where he was. I was reading and everything was quiet when all of a sudden there's this big explosion and the light goes out and



AFTER FINAL COLLEGE GAME PHILLIPS WAS PARADED THROUGH HOME TOWN, SHOWERED WITH MORE THAN $4,000 IN GIFTS

glass flies all over the room. It took me a few seconds to realize someone fired a shot through the window and hit the lamp. I don't mind telling you I was scared. Suddenly the door to the room flew open and someone flipped on the overhead light. It was Hoppe. He stood leaning against the door frame with a gun in his hand, sort of smiling. I knew right then that I never played with anybody like that in high school."

Hoppe made Phillips' freshman year an exciting one.

"You never knew what that guy was going to do next. He was always prowling around at night, coming in late. One night he walks in the room with a big picture of a Russian soldier he got out of LIFE magazine. He pinned it on the wall and said to me: 'That there's a Russian Communist soldier, Red. I hate the dirty bastards, Red. Know what I'm going to do, Red?' I told him I guessed I didn't know and waited to see what he was up to. He just walked over to his bunk and sat on it, staring at the picture on the wall. I kept watching him, trying to figure out what he was going to do. He must have stared at that picture 10 minutes. Just sitting there and staring. Then all of a sudden he pulls his gun out and empties it at the picture. Then he laughs for a long time. He used that Russian for target practice all year long. Made the room kind of drafty that winter."

Jimmy is reluctant to discuss the offers he received from other schools in the Southeastern Conference, but he made it plain during a recent afternoon of bass fishing at Martin's Lake, Ala. that several SEC schools do not hesitate to offer an athlete far more than conference rules permit.

"I came to Auburn on a regular grant-in-aid scholarship, and I honestly never received anything over that limit," he said. He paused to cast near an old stump sticking out of the water about 10 yards from shore. He did not try to throw the bass bug out with a football pass motion; the action was all in his wrist, a slight flick that sent the long split-bamboo rod into action and whipped the tapered line toward the stump. The bug plopped lightly in the water a few feet from the rotting log. He let the lure sit for several seconds, then made it jump realistically with a flick of the rod tip. He waited, then repeated the action.

"You'd think if there were any bass in this lake they'd be sitting under that stump there, wouldn't you. Guess they're just not biting now." Jimmy fished quietly for about 10 more minutes. It didn't seem as if he were thinking of anything but

continued

the fish he was trying to hook somewhere down beneath the murky surface. But when he spoke again, it was of football.

"One of the schools that leads the SEC nearly every year and never gets put on probation practically told me to write my own ticket when they were recruiting me.

"I remember this particular school had me come to visit their campus and see a football game one weekend in the fall of 1953," he continued. "I had already made up my mind I was going to Auburn, but I thought I'd make the trip anyhow to see the game. It was a good game, and afterward some alumni took me out to dinner. They were nice fellows, and they spent most of the dinner telling me about all the bowls I would get to play in if I signed on with them. They also mentioned the advantages of a technical education. After dinner I thanked them and told them I had already decided to go to Auburn. Then one of them asked me what I was getting to sign on with Auburn. I told him a regular scholarship. Then he said to me very frankly, 'If it's money you're worried about, I don't care what they're giving you over there. We'll pay you more.' That was the first big cash offer I got to play college football, and it made me feel guilty. But it prepared me for a conversation I had later with a man who was recruiting for Texas A&M."

By now it was evening. The sun had put a brilliant patina on Martin's Lake all day, but now it was setting behind a pine-covered hill on the western shore. The water was still, its surface broken occasionally by the splash of a hungry bass.

"It's nice to get out here away from football," said Jimmy. "I'd like to own a cabin up here some day. If I do all right with the Rams, maybe I'll buy one."

AN ALL-STAR OFFER

At 22, Jimmy Phillips is a mixture of man and boy that is becoming. Earlier that afternoon he had been as exhilarated as a 16-year-old when he tooled a high-powered Chris Craft speedboat, throttle open, through the countless coves and inlets dotting the Martin's Lake shoreline. He sat high atop the back rest of the driver's seat enjoying the rush of wind hitting his face, sometimes steering the craft with his feet, ignoring the danger of hitting a submerged log at 45 knots. This was the Jimmy Phillips that made impossible catches on the field, the All-America who was so often gone for a touchdown when he got his hands on the ball. The fisherman was the thoughtful, moral Jimmy Phillips who tried to fit accepted practices of big-time college football into his code and found he couldn't quite do it without feeling guilty.

"The time that fellow from Texas A&M talked to me I really got upset," he said quietly, his voice blending with the droning put-put of the outboard on the fishing boat.

"I was in Tuscaloosa for the Alabama North-South All-Star Game.



BOBBY HOPPE, drafted by 49ers, ventilated Phillips' room with bullet holes.

It's a high school all-star game they have there every year. I was on the South team. I remember we had just finished practice one afternoon a few days before the game, and I was heading for the dressing room when this fellow from A&M asked me if I could talk to him for a few minutes. Scouts from different schools were all over the place, and it wasn't unusual for one of them to approach you.

"I told this fellow I had already made up my mind to go to Auburn. Paul Bryant, who was coaching at A&M then, had written me several letters trying to get me interested in A&M and had even invited me down there. But I never accepted. I had always wanted to play for one of

continued



COACH RALPH JORDAN gave Jim fatherly grasp for camera, but they rarely spoke.



JOE BOB MITCHELL, ex-Auburn back, was most instrumental in getting Phillips to sign with the Plainsmen. Here he greets Jimmy on the first day of freshman practice.



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"Pepsi, please"

to refresh without filling



SEVENTH-GRADER Phillips started football as a tackle because of his unusual size.



IN HIGH SCHOOL Jim played in the backfield before making All-State as an end.



IN COLLEGE Red married majorette Mickey Kennedy who helped support him.

BIG RED

continued

the Southeastern Conference schools.

"Well, this fellow told me that maybe I'd be more interested in playing for A&M after I heard what he had to offer me. I told him to go ahead, I was listening. He said if I would sign with the Aggies, they'd pay me $150 a month while I was in school, guarantee me a $1,500 summer job all through school, move my parents from Alex City to a new house down in College Station and get both of them jobs down there.

"I didn't know exactly what to say to him, so I just thanked him and hurried off to get dressed. One of the Auburn assistant coaches was in the dressing room—there were college coaches all over the place—and I told him what the A&M recruiter had offered me. He got real mad and started cussin'. He said for me not to worry about it, that he'd take care of the fellow from A&M. I don't know what he did, but I never heard from A&M again."

Jimmy's experience with football recruiters has given him some strong ideas about how scholarships should be offered to promising athletes.

"All personal contact between a prospect and the school athletic officials should be discontinued," said Jimmy. "These off-the-cuff, behind-the-scenes offers put a tremendous amount of pressure on a fellow still in high school. You're just not equipped to cope with anything like that when you're 17 or 18. A simple letter would be enough. If a school can't make you its offer on paper, in black and white, then there's something wrong with the offer. A boy can decide pretty well where he wants to go to college, what kind of education he is after. High-pressure salesmen, I found from my own personal experience, only serve to confuse a youngster almost to the point where he loses sight of the basic reason he had for wanting to go to college—to get an education."

A BACK-DOOR CONCEPT

"I don't say big-time football is bad in itself. In fact, if I had it to do all over again, without question I'd go to Auburn and retrace my steps. But the recruiting part of it has gotten out of hand. It should be limited and controlled more closely by the NCAA or some other national body. The way things are set up now, an athlete has hardly any chance to make All-America without first agreeing to some back-door deal. Somehow, this doesn't seem to me to fit in with the concept of All-America. I mean, an All-America football player originally was a national ideal, wasn't he? Subterfuge, somehow, doesn't fit in with that ideal, yet the big football colleges have made it part of the scheme of things."

When Jimmy married Mickey Kennedy, Auburn's head drum majorette, in his junior year, he moved out of his dormitory to a small four-room house situated between Auburn and Opelika, about five miles from the campus. Mickey gave up college and took a job at the university, and with her modest income and Jimmy's $79 a month (plus laundry money) the newlyweds lived comfortably, if not extravagantly.

"If you do as well in football as they think you will when they sign you," he explains, "you don't have much to worry about.

"I felt kind of sorry for a couple of guys I played with in high school who came up here on scholarships. They didn't turn out to be as good as the coaches expected, and they just sort of dropped out of school after a while. Not that their scholarships were taken away from them or anything like that. The coaches just rode them pretty hard. When a guy is doing the best he can and someone is telling him it isn't good enough, it gets to him after a while. I felt sorry for those guys. They were my friends in high school. But they weren't good enough for college. At least this college. They took the riding as long as they could, I guess, and then they just dropped out. Technically, a football scholarship should entitle you to four years of college whether you make the team or not. But like I said, there are ways to get a guy to quit.

"One of the big differences I noticed between high school and college was in the coaching. In high school I was pretty close to my coach, Hamp

continued

Lyons. He taught me a lot of football, and he was my friend off the field, too. When I was having all that trouble with the recruiters, I could go to him and ask his advice and know that it would be sound, honest and for my own good. He'll probably be a friend of mine all my life. At Auburn, I don't think I talked to Coach [Ralph] Jordan more than three times in the four years I was there. It was like he was the director of a big company and I was just one of the boys in the office. If I had a football problem, I talked to the end coach. If I had a problem that wasn't football, well, that was my problem. Football is such a big business in the SEC—and I'm sure it's the same in the Big Ten, the Southwest Conference and the old PCC—there just isn't time or room for Knute Rocknes any more. The coach is there to win ball games. You're there to help him keep his job."

SOME THINGS TO EXPECT

"You know, it's funny. I started playing football because it was a game I thought was fun. I still like to play it, but I think I look upon it more as a job now. When we were on probation last year and were ineligible for a bowl, I don't think one guy on the team was disappointed. A bowl would just have meant another month of hard work, and we were all pretty sick of football by then. You begin to wish it was all over when you hit the eighth game in a 10-game schedule. When it *is* over, you've had enough. A bowl is sort of like working for free."

Four years of football at Auburn have not changed Jimmy Phillips very much either in appearance or personality. He has a horizontal scar under his right eye, caused by an elbow in a game two years ago. He gave up four front teeth, and Auburn saw that he got four to replace them. He figures you have to expect these things if you play football.

"Auburn didn't change what I am," he said, "it helped prevent what I might have been. Without a scholarship I'd probably have gone to work in one of the mills in Alexander City, just like my dad. Not that that would have been bad. But now that I have the opportunity, I'd much rather play pro football. I'd be lying if I said I didn't like being in the limelight. I have six scrapbooks full of newspaper clippings, and I get a kick out of reading them all. My home town dedicated a day for me last January—Jimmy Phillips Day. They gave me a new car and a bank account and paraded me through town. I enjoyed it, and I'll always count it among the biggest thrills of my life. They did that for me because I played football for Auburn. There wouldn't have been any Jimmy Phillips Day if I had been a good mill worker for four years. The first money I made as a pro I got from the Hula Bowl, and I felt good about it. I played against an all-star pro team in Honolulu—guys like Elroy Hirsch and Bob St. Clair—and when the game was over I felt like I earned the $500 they paid me. It was in cash, so maybe it wasn't legal. I never bothered to ask. I got $400 for playing in the Senior Bowl in Mobile a week later. We lost, and I never felt so bad about losing a ball game in my life. The winners got $500."



NOW A PRO with the Los Angeles Rams, Phillips is trying out at Redlands, Calif., for their 1958 team. As the top Ram draft choice, his chances of sticking are very good.

While playing for Auburn, Jimmy never received any payment in excess of the Southeastern Conference rules governing scholarships, but he was never fully able to shake the feeling that he was not quite as amateur as the rules intended.

"Every year, two or three 'students'—fellows without a football scholarship—would turn out for spring practice, but they didn't stand a chance. No one would ever tell them they couldn't turn out, but none of the coaches would ever even look at them. I have a feeling that if I had been paying my own way through Auburn, I wouldn't have stood a chance of making the team either. It made me feel kind of different, sort of like I was somebody's property.

"I felt good when I signed with the Rams. I signed to play football for money, and I didn't have to make any excuses to myself or anybody about it. I didn't have to worry about whether I was somebody's property because I *was*, and everybody knew it and accepted it. All I have to worry about now is being good enough at football to earn what the Rams pay me." **END**

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GOREN WITH A "MAGNIFICENT" PARTNER

The Masters' tournament was a happy one for this reporter, and a triumph for a new team

THERE were plenty of thrills in the American Contract Bridge League's Summer National Championships, played in the sumptuous Americana Hotel in Miami Beach early this month.

A couple of girls performed a feat unprecedented in tournament history when Margaret Wagar of Atlanta and Kay Rhodes of New York won a national title—the Women's Pair championship—for the fourth consecutive time.

A new and widely domiciled American team (two Miamians, Robert Rothlein and Cyrus Nauman; two Californians, Paul Allinger and William Hanna; one player from New Orleans, Sidney Lazard) took the Knockout Team championship. In the course of doing so, they twice defeated the Vanderbilt Cup-winning Fishbein team to force a playoff meeting in October that will decide which of these two combinations will be our representatives in the 1959 World Championship. The winner will meet the team that wins the European Championship now being played in Oslo, from which city I will soon be reporting to you.

There were other exciting doings. Charges and countercharges in the case against Tobias Stone put championship bridge briefly and unpleasantly on the front pages. A dozen players became Life Masters, the top ranking of the American Contract Bridge League. A few won their first national titles.

But, with one possible exception, no one got a bigger thrill than I when, partnered by the magnificent Helen Sobel, I helped to repeat our 1942 victory in the most highly valued of all pair championships, the Life Masters Pair title, with which goes the prized Von Zedtwitz gold cup.

The exception is Helen herself, who went on to become the first woman ever to win the Sally Fishbein Memorial Trophy awarded to the player whose individual performance is best in all events in this summer championship meeting. Thanks to her third in the Women's Pairs and our team's tie for fifth in the Knockout, Helen won more master points (178) than any other player during the competitions in Miami.

Here is the first of two hands that helped us bring home the bacon in the Life Masters Pairs.

South deals
East-West vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q 6
♥ 10 7 5 4
♦ A 10 9 8
♣ K 6 2

WEST
♠ A 8 4 3
♥ 3 2
♦ J 6 5
♣ Q 10 9 4

EAST
♠ J 7 2
♥ Q J 9 8
♦ K 7 4
♣ J 8 7

SOUTH
♠ K 10 9 5
♥ A K 6
♦ Q 3 2
♣ A 5 3

SOUTH (*Mrs. Sobel*)	WEST (*Roth*)	NORTH (*Goren*)	EAST (*Stone*)
1 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Strict point counters may charge that I lacked 1 point for my raise to three no trump with the North hand. According to the book, responder needs 10 and I had only 9. But if the author is not permitted to take a few liberties with his own creation, who is? In fact, I had two plus values that justified the jump to game. One was the presence of a few intermediate 10-spots and other top-ranking spot cards; the other was the fact that my partner was Helen, who proceeded to make my raise look good by superb play. The deal was important, since it was played against Alvin Roth and Tobias Stone who at the time were running us a close race for the Masters' crown.

Roth opened the club 4, and Helen allowed Stone's jack to hold the trick. She won the club continuation with her ace, played a spade to the queen and led a low one back to her 9, which Roth permitted to win. Now Helen had to drive out the ace of spades in order to remove West's entry to the long club, and she could not afford to lose a spade trick to the jack as well. Did West hold the blank ace or East the blank jack? She found the correct answer, playing the king to force the ace and fell the jack at the same time.

Dummy's club king won the next trick. South came to her hand with a heart, cashed the good spade and led a low diamond, finessing dummy's eight to drive out East's king. Making four no trump was a tremendous score for us. As Al Roth himself pointed out, he could have saved a trick by playing the jack on the first diamond lead. If dummy's ace were taken, Stone would duck the next diamond and shut out North's long diamond by holding up his king until South did not have another diamond to lead. It would have been a

superb play and one of which Roth is quite capable; had he made it, the caption for this deal might have been "the battle of the jacks," with the jack of diamonds rising to retrieve the damage done by the fall of the jack of spades.

In the next example, your reporter fell back on psychology to augment a small deficit in high cards.

South deals
East-West vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q, J, 7, 6, 5, 2
♥ 5, 2
♦ K, 8
♣ J, 6, 5

WEST
♠ 8
♥ K Q 7 4
♦ 9 6 5
♣ 10 8 4 3 2

EAST
♠ 4
♥ 9 8 6
♦ A Q 7 4 3
♣ A K Q 7

SOUTH
♠ A K 10 9 3
♥ A J 10 3
♦ J 10 2
♣ 9

SOUTH *Goren*	WEST	NORTH *Mrs. Sobel*	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	DOUBLE
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart king

Our bidding performed a two fold mission. We arrived at a ticklish game contract, which might have been set by no more than 100 points if doubled; at the same time, we kept the opponents from arriving at their own best spot—four clubs, at which they would have scored 130. The next step along the victory road was to try to bring home the game.

I won the ace of hearts and played a high trump. Now if I led a high heart through, I could establish a trick for the discard of a diamond—but not without having West win a trick. The danger would then be apparent, and West would shift to a diamond at once. If the ace-queen were offside, as the bidding strongly indicated, I would lose one heart, two diamonds and one club trick—down one!

So I had to lull any fears my opponent in the West might have, and hope that East would win the heart trick that had to be lost. To this end, I led the 3 of hearts from the South hand. West played his 7, but it wasn't high enough. East had to win the trick. He cashed one high club, but I ruffed the next club and led the jack of hearts through West's marked queen. West covered, and dummy ruffed. A club ruff put me back on lead to cash the 10 of hearts and get rid of one of dummy's two losing diamonds. We lost only one trick in each of the plain suits and brought home the game for a top score.

There are a great many who believe that marriage has a deleterious effect on bridge partnerships, but during these championship events two couples provided evidence to the contrary. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz J. Hopf of Ardmore, Pa. won the Flight B Masters' Pair event, and Mr. and Mrs. William Rosen of Chicago were on the team that captured the Masters Mixed Team title. Their partners were Mrs. Leonard Goldstein and Leland Ferer of Miami Beach.

Eunice Rosen had never before come through to a national title, but her young husband is a clever performer who has in the past represented the United States in world championship competition. The dexterity which he manifested on this deal accounted for one of the matches which contributed to his team's margin of victory.

South deals
Both sides vulnerable

NORTH
♠ K 6 2
♥ A 8 7 6
♦ 9 5
♣ A 10 7 4

WEST
♠ J 9 5 3
♥ K J 4 3
♦ A K 7 6
♣ 8

EAST
♠ 10 7
♥ 10 2
♦ J 10 8 4 3 2
♣ 9 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A Q 8 4
♥ Q 9 5
♦ Q
♣ K Q J 6 5

SOUTH *(Mr. Rosen)*	WEST	NORTH *(Mrs. Rosen)*	EAST
1♣	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	1♦
1♠	2♦	3♣	PASS
4♣	PASS	5♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, diamond king

Declarer at five clubs, Rosen trumped the second diamond. It required three leads to exhaust the adverse trumps, and this spoiled any chance for a strip and end play. Instead, declarer had to find a way to avoid losing more than a single heart trick, though compelled to play the suit for himself.

He found the winning combination in the assumption that West held four hearts and East only two. On winning the third trump lead in dummy, Rosen led a low heart to his hand and put in the 9, forcing West's jack. South won the spade return and led the queen of hearts. This play simultaneously smothered West's king and East's 10-spot. South lost only one diamond and one heart, winning the board for his team.

The Men's Pair title winners, Ira Rubin of Rutherford, N.J. and William Grieve of New York, were two others who annexed their first national titles. And of the five players that captured the Knockout Team Championship, only Paul Allinger had ever before managed to win a national.

High drama attached to the team event before it even began, for the reason that victory carried with it the right to play off against the Vanderbilt Cup team winners—the team of Harry Fishbein, Lee Hazen, Sam Fry Jr. and Len Harmon of New York, with Ivar Stakgold of Washington—to decide which team would represent the U.S. in the 1959 World Championship unless, of course, the Fishbein team itself were victorious on this occasion.

After eliminating the Stone-Roth combination on Tuesday afternoon, however, it was a somewhat weary Fishbein team that went into the final match on Tuesday night. After 14 straight victories, including their eighth straight in the Vanderbilt at Atlantic City this Spring (SI, April 7), the Fishbein team had been handed its first defeat by Rothlein on Monday night. This left three teams in the tourney, Fishbein, Roth and Rothlein. Each had been defeated once. Under the rules, the team that had beaten the hitherto undefeated outfit got the bye in the following round. So Rothlein rested while Fishbein successfully clawed at Roth, and the Fishbein outfit was handed an even more conclusive thumping in the final than it had received in its first victory.

Purely on results, this makes the Rothlein team the favorites for the October playoff. But in a single long match, the three veterans, Fishbein, Hazen and Fry, plus their brilliant younger pair, present a well-balanced lineup and possess an undoubted edge in experience. Regardless of the outcome, it rates to be a match worthy of the large audience that it will no doubt attract. If arrangements now pending are successful, you may be able to watch it yourself—either on an exhibition board if you attend the match, or on TV if it is carried on a network. In any case you'll be there, for I'll be reporting it in these pages. **END**

BOXING / *Martin Kane*

Horrors and doldrums after a rich summer

Boyd, Beecham, Jordan and Godih are the best TV can offer right now, but Labor Day will open a brighter era

THE DOLDRUMS are described in the best available dictionary as "a part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls and light, baffling winds." A rheumatic twinge in the dial-twisting hand would indicate that TV boxing is now in its seasonal doldrums—and this after a summer of generally superior fights, rich in upsets and in blossomings of fresh, new talent that may yet challenge the champions in several divisions—Sonny Liston and Gene Armstrong, for instance.

But until the Friday after Labor Day, which opens a new era, since it is when Carmen Basilio meets Art Aragon at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, the TV boxing fan will have to put up with a mess of calms, squalls and light, baffling winds. There are no tempests in sight, nor even a freshening breeze, until September. After that October looks promising, since we may then see Archie Moore fighting Yvon Durelle in Montreal.

But in the meantime we have such affairs of little moment as the Wednesday nighter (August 27) at Miami Beach which will pit Bobby Boyd, middleweight, against Jimmy Beecham, pretty much a welterweight. Boyd has generally done well when carefully matched, but Spider Webb, Joey Giardello and Rory Calhoun all have knocked him out at one time or another and Calhoun has even outboxed him. It would appear that Boyd's present unranked status in the division is approximately correct. Nor does he appear now to be as ambitious as he once was, since boxing unranked welterweights is not likely to win him swift promotion.

JORDAN WAS A "HORRIFIC" WINNER OVER LOGART (HERE LANDING SOLID RIGHT)



As for Beecham, a good, workmanlike fellow of no particular promise beyond the fact that he generally puts on a good show, it is a tribute to him and none at all to Boyd that early odds rate Boyd only an 8–5 favorite. It might even be a fairly close fight, though the odds seem to be just about right from this position. The point is that it won't have too much meaning either way.

Beecham's official welterweight position is dubious, actually, since all five of his 1958 fights have been against middleweights. This year he has fought Willie Vaughn no less than three times—winning, losing and drawing, which is known as the hat trick. He has lost to Spider Webb, which is no disgrace at all. On top of that he has beaten none other than Battling Siki of Aruba (an island off the coast of Venezuela) on Siki's home grounds.

HOW FLOYD PATTERSON KEPT HIS CROWN

Next week, along with the best ringside pictures, Martin Kane—who so often has given you the revealing, exciting story which has been missed in the first hurried accounts of a bout—writes a dramatic report of the Patterson-Harris world heavyweight title fight, and of the ambitions and strategies behind it.

As for the Friday night (August 29) fight at Madison Square Garden that same spiritless week, it will present a welterweight-lightweight against a lightweight, thus preserving the mystique of the doldrums. The light-welter will be Don Jordan, who recently defeated Isaac Logart amid cries of horror at the decision. (The year has been as rich in horror decisions as in horror movies.) The lightweight opponent will be Lahouari Godih (pronounced Larry Goady on Stillman's Stoop), who drew cries of horror for sheer ineptness when he opposed Johnny Busso, a kind of a heavy lightweight, a while back.

What the above adds up to, if you are good at sums, is that Jordan is the No. 4 lightweight in the National Boxing Association rankings and a welterweight in Nat Fleischer's authoritative Ring Record Book, while Logart is NBA's No. 4 welterweight and Godih is the French lightweight champion.

Of course, it's August. **END**

The inequitable equalizer

This criticism of USGA handicapping comes from a former Walker Cup team member. He is currently chairman of the handicap committee of the Palmetto Golf Club in Aiken, S.C., where he makes his home. The author's literary credentials stem from Great-Grandfather Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



KNOWLES, 44, IS STILL A FINE GOLFER

ONE of the reasons golf has become so popular in the U.S. these last few years is that regardless of his ability a player can compete on an even basis with someone who is far more proficient at the game than he is. For instance, with the proper handicap two weekend players of average ability can compete against Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. Provided the stroke allowances are correct, they will have a good chance of winning if they do not become overawed by Ben's and Sam's tremendous power but just play their own games. After his wife and children, the most important thing in life to the ardent amateur golfer is his handicap. He devours many valuable hours thinking up devious strategies to get it increased by his club's handicap committee.

The U.S. Golf Association has devised and perfected through the years a very fine system of handicapping. If faithfully followed, it will result in equitable handicapping throughout the entire country. I feel there is only one thing seriously wrong with it. The USGA system is predicated on individual stroke play scoring, whereas 95% of the tournament golf played by the average middle- to high-handicap golfer is either with a professional partner in a pro-amateur event or with an amateur partner in the very popular member-guest handicap four-ball type of competition.

To best understand the shortcomings of the USGA system, let us take the case of Mr. A and Mr. B. Mr. A is a man of slight build in his early 60s and has been playing golf for more than 40 years. Now that he is retired he plays more regularly than ever, but due to his slight physique he is unable to hit the ball very far; in fact, except for the few short holes on his course he usually must one-putt in order to get his par. However, his very accurate short game compensates somewhat for his lack of length. His drive, what there is of it, never fails to land on the fairway. There is a saying at his club that he has not lost a ball since the days of the gutty. His 10 lowest rounds of his last 25 average 85, and so, under the USGA system, he is entitled to a handicap of 11.

LONGER BUT WILDER

Mr. B, a member of the same club, was a varsity athlete during his college days. He never had time for golf until he reached his middle 30s and became a partner in a firm on Wall Street. He plays once a week during the summer and has little or no time for practice. Nevertheless, the timing, coordination and physical strength he developed as a college athlete stand him in good stead on the golf course. He has a tremendous tee-shot that is the envy of all the low-handicap golfers in the club. On occasion he has outdriven some of the touring professionals. Naturally, he is quite proud of his long drives and likes to display his prowess on every possible hole. This causes him to lose quite a few balls and to pick up on several holes each round. Mr. B's putting is well above average, since he has a good eye and is a natural competitor. Following the USGA system of allowing only double bogies for holes he picked up on, his 10 best scores of his last 25 are comparable to Mr. A's, giving him a handicap of 11 also.

Both Mr. A and Mr. B recently entered a pro-amateur event at their club, where par on the first nine holes is 36. Given 85% of their handicap as suggested by the USGA, each was allowed five strokes on the first nine (*see chart on following page*). Mr. A took a 42 going out, giving his pro partner eight pars but no birdies when his handicap was deducted. His pro, who happened to be one of the leading money winners on the tour, was out in 34 on his own ball. Mr. A was obviously of little help.

Mr. B, who was also fortunate to have a crack professional as his partner, went out in 42 just as Mr. A had done, but he picked up on four holes. Adhering to the USGA procedure, I have given him double bogies on the holes where he picked up. On the other five holes he gave his professional partner four birdies and one eagle with the aid of his handicap strokes. His pro partner managed to par all the holes for a 36 so together they had a net best-ball of 30, whereas poor Mr. A was unable to improve on his partner's 34. It is not hard to see why Mr. A's pro was telling Mr. B's pro what a lucky stiff he was.

In the club's annual member-guest handicap four-ball, Mr. A invites his old crony Mr. C to be his partner. Mr. C has the same handicap and plays the same type of game as Mr.

continued

A. After qualifying they are drawn for match play against Mr. B and his old college classmate, Mr. D, who is the same type of player as Mr. B. As sometimes happens in golf, Mr. A and Mr. B shot the exact score, hole by hole, that they had in the pro-amateur. Mr. C, with the same number of strokes as Mr. A, helped him on three holes. He holed a good putt for his 4 at the first, made a fine par at the 3rd and salvaged a gross 5 at the 9th.

This gave Mr. A and Mr. C a net best-ball going out of 34. Mr. D, who is as erratic as Mr. B and who had just returned from a business trip to California, had hard going the first nine. With the aid of a chip-in he was able to make only two pars—on the 2nd and 3rd holes—and for the remainder of the nine he was in his pocket. However, he figured in the very two holes that Mr. B was out of play. This gave them a net best-ball of 33, which in match play put them 3 up on Mr. A and his partner, Mr. C (*see chart*).

The handicapping system I would like to suggest would be used only in pro-amateur and handicap four-ball play as follows. The handicap scale would range from 0 to 18, as it is not usual to give a player in partnership play more than one stroke per hole or to make a scratch amateur compete with a minus handicap. In order to determine the correct handicap you would average the number of pars and birdies made by the player in his previous 10 rounds. Starting with 18 points, a player would be docked one point for every par and two points for each birdie. Mr. A, our short-hitting friend, averages seven pars per round, so his handicap would remain the same as under the USGA system: 11. Mr. B, on the other hand, averages six pars and two birdies giving him a total of 10 points per round. This would lower his handicap to eight.

Under my system, the player's full handicap is always used. On this basis, Mr. A in the pro-amateur would have given his professional partner one net birdie and seven pars for a best-ball of 33 instead of 34. Mr. B with eight strokes would have still helped his pro with four net birdies and one eagle, with no change in their best-ball of 30. This does not make Mr. A and Mr. B even, but it helps to narrow the gap.

In the member-guest event, Mr. C being a comparable player to Mr. A has the same handicap under my system, but since they receive their full 11 strokes, their net best-ball is now 33. Mr. D, who averages the same number of pars and birdies as Mr. B, also has his handicap reduced to eight. Now their net best-ball has become 34. But they are, in match play, only 1 up on Mr. A and Mr. C, instead of 3 up.

The heart and soul of stroke play is consistency. Consistency plays little part in four-ball, best-ball play. Why, then, use a stroke play yardstick to determine a golfer's match-play handicap? When you have a steady partner and you have a good handicap it's not what you score but the birdies and eagles you shoot that win the match for your side.

Only one adjustment is necessary to make the system uniform throughout the country; for those who play regularly on a course that is under 6,200 yards, deduct two points from the score of birdies and pars; for those who play on a course in excess of 6,700 yards, add two points.

THE PRO-AMATEUR CARD

HOLE	YARDS	PAR	MR. A	MR. A'S PRO	BEST BALL	HANDICAP STROKES	MR. B	MR. B'S PRO	BEST BALL
1	450	4	5	4	4	13	3	4	3
2	172	3	3	3	3	11	5	3	3
3	390	4	5/4	4	4	9	6/5	4	4
4	420	4	5/4	4	4	5	4/3	4	3
5	329	4	4	3	3	15	6	4	4
6	472	5	5	4	4	17	7	5	5
7	449	4	5/4	4	4	1	4/3	4	3
8	212	3	4/3	3	3	7	3/2	3	2
9	520	5	6/5	5	5	3	4/3	5	3
TOTALS		36	42/37	34	34		42/37	36	30

STEADINESS OF MR. A is here shown to have been of no value to his partner in pro-am when his card is compared with that of erratic Mr. B. Since each has same handicap (11), each received strokes on the same holes (*shaded areas*). And although each used the same number of shots for nine holes, Mr. B's occasional brilliance gave his partner six strokes.

THE MEMBER-GUEST CARD

MR. A	MR. C	BEST BALL		MR. B	MR. D	BEST BALL	PLUS/MINUS
5	4	4		3		3	+1
3		3		5	3	3	+1
5/4	4/3	3		6/5	4/3	3	+1
5/4		4		4/3		3	+2
4		4		6		6	+1
5		5		7		7	EVEN
5/4		4		4/3		3	+1
4/3		3		3/2		2	+2
6/5	5/4	4		4/3		3	+3
42/37		34		42/37		33	+3

WILDNESS OF MR. B in best-ball match play is no penalty to him, particularly if properly blended with another player of the same type, as demonstrated by the card above. Even though all four players had handicaps of 11, the wild golfers were 3 up after only nine holes. Under Knowles's suggested system of handicapping, B and D would have been only 1 up after the first nine.



Tip from the Top

FRED HAWKINS, *El Paso Country Club, Texas*

The flexed left leg

THE LEGS should remain flexed at all times during the swing. On the backswing, the right leg shouldn't lock, it shouldn't even straighten. The same is true of the left leg on the forward part of the swing. There used to be a school of thought that claimed it was desirable to hit against a straight left leg. It is quite an incorrect principle.

If there has been any one thing that has bothered me most in my efforts to improve my swing and hit better shots, it has been getting away from a long-ingrained habit of straightening the left leg as I come into the ball. If your left leg straightens in the impact area, your left side pulls up. This stops the left side from turning as it should as you hit through the ball. It throws your swing off the proper line and it checks the speed of your swing. Even at the finish of your swing when the left leg is necessarily straight, it isn't locked.

The key for me in correcting this habit of straightening the left leg was thinking of "staying level." By this I mean the feeling I get that my legs and my knees remain level with each other, that there is no up-and-down motion by either until I have completed the swing. I concentrate on this and I just continue turning.



incorrect: left leg locked



correct: left leg flexed

NEXT WEEK: *Wally Grant on the short pitch*

"It says here, and I quote, —"



Once again Titleist was played by more pros and amateurs on the winter tournament circuit of 1958 than any other ball.

No one is ever paid to play Titleist. It is sold like all other Acushnet balls through golf course pro shops only.



TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

TROTTING / *Jeremiah Tax*

The old man made a promise

A year ago, Fred Egan was sure he'd win next week's Hambletonian, but the competition now on hand will challenge his entry to the utmost



"SONNY, THIS IS THE REASON I'LL STILL BE ALIVE NEXT YEAR"

SEVENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Fred Egan sat on a bale of hay in the shade of a tree, brushing aside the questions of reporters with his accustomed pretense of vast irritation. It is a pose Egan assumes as one of the privileges of age, but the ever-present, blue-eyed twinkle gives him away. This was a few hours before the Hambletonian at Du Quoin, Ill. last year, and the reporters wanted to know what chance Egan's filly, Cassin Hanover, had in the big race.

The old man's growls soon chased most of them away, but to a last lingering reporter, Egan winked and beckoned. "Come here, sonny," he said. (The reporter was gray-haired and 42.) "Cassin," Egan said, "is a good, honest mare, but I don't think she can win this afternoon." (She finished fourth.) Egan rose to his erect, trim 6-foot-plus height and led the way to a nearby stall. "But here," he said, "is the reason I'll still be alive and in Du Quoin next year. I'm going to win with this colt in '58."

Inside stood a gangly, attentive animal, all legs and brilliant chestnut coat, a 2-year-old named Gang Awa, Scots for "away and gone," not a bad name for a Hambletonian eligible. Better still, both his sire (Hoot Mon) and his dam (Miss Tilly) are Hambletonian winners, and Hoot Mon's time of two minutes flat, set in 1947, is still the record for this trotting classic. Best of all, probably, is the fact that the colt is in Fred Egan's hands.

Since 1888 Egan has devoted his life to trotting horses, around the clock, day in, day out. Name the important trot, and he's won it at least once—the Hambletonian twice. At the same time, his name means almost nothing to today's new army of harness fans, who began to follow the sport after the war with the advent of nighttime, half-mile-track, parimutuel racing. To Egan the half-mile track and racing at night are twin abominations; with the rarest of exceptions, he avoids both. He was bred in the tradition of daylight racing on mile tracks, and that's the way he likes it.

It may be that Egan will win the big race with Gang Awa this year. It is impossible, however, to assess the colt's ability by the record thus far. For Egan, as usual with Hambletonian eligibles, is bringing Gang Awa along slowly and with extreme care, which may well account for the fact that he has yet to win a race of any importance this year. He has the breeding and the look of a champion, and the goal is peak performance on August 27, not a day before. Only Egan and his assistant trainer and driver, Flick Nipe (a mere lad of 64), really know how well Gang Awa is measuring up to his training schedule, and they're not talking.

If Gang Awa fails to live up to Egan's expectations, the old man has another entry whom many rate even higher than the colt—a bay filly named Emily's Pride, with speed and consistency apparently the equal of any of the eligibles. Emily's 2:00 2/5 mile on July 23, which won the Flora Temple Filly Stake at Vernon, was a double surprise—in itself as the fastest trotting mile of the season, and in the fact that Egan would so extend a Hambletonian horse that early in the year. Possibly surprised himself at the clocking, Egan rested Emily until the filly stake at Springfield, Ill., August 12. She won both heats there, literally breezing, with one final quarter in 28 and the other in 29. The only question remaining about Emily can't be answered until Hambletonian day: How well can she do against colts who will force her every step of the way and not allow her to make her own race?

Despite all the foregoing, the trotter that all the entries, including Egan's, have to beat is a chunky, dead-game colt named Sharpshooter, trained and driven by Harry Pownall, another youngster at 55. Through a long (32 starts) 2-year-old campaign last season, during which he was sore-legged most of the time, Sharpshooter repeatedly finished fast miles with under-29-second final quarters, the mark not only of speed and stamina but of the heart to come on when the going is toughest. In the close-quartered, all-out conditions of the most important race in any trotter's career, and a race in which the eventual winner will likely have to go

three mile heats within a few hours, the courage that refuses to be drained away by exhaustion can be decisive. Surely Sharpshooter has it, and more. His temper is easy and his manners without flaw. To some it was surprising to see this consistent colt break stride at the start of the Yonkers Futurity earlier this month, and they sought explanation in the fact that Sharpshooter was making his first start after a month's recuperation from a virus. This is not the case. The Futurity is a mile-and-a-sixteenth race, with the start immediately after the stretch turn. As the starting gate wheels around the turn, the outside horses are trotting smartly, while the pole horse is practically marking time, and the gate snaps away before he can get into full stride. Sharpshooter had the pole and broke, not extraordinary conduct under the circumstances. He had won four straight starts up to the Futurity, and his performance at Springfield last week (close second and third in two heats) indicates that he will be ready on August 27. Smallest of the entries, nearly black though he is registered as dark brown, he should be the trackside favorite to bring Owner Roland Harriman his second Hambletonian victory, a deserved tribute to the Harriman family's long devotion to the harness sport.

Two colts who have done everything asked of them thus far and must therefore rate as contenders are Dana Cameron's McColby and Bob Camper's Spunky Hanover. McColby has been first, second or third in his last 12 starts, including a heat victory at Springfield that featured a 27 last quarter. Good manners and consistency alone earn him an in-the-money bet at Du Quoin. With the breaks, he could win. Little attention was paid to Spunky early in the year, but his steady improvement, climaxed by an easy victory in the Futurity at Yonkers, forced his recognition. However, since the Yonkers triumph was clouded when both his chief rivals broke stride and lost much ground, there must still be some doubt about Spunky's ability to accept and overcome repeated challenges over distance. This is especially pertinent since he has had practically no mile-track experience, and it is on such tracks, with their long straightaways, that sustained challenges try a horse to the utmost.

Biggest disappointment among the eligibles is Frank Ervin's Mix Hanover, whose brilliant early-season form as a 2-year-old established him as a Hambletonian favorite more than a year before the event. Repeated sickness and soreness since then have been a severe handicap, and the end of these troubles is apparently not in sight. He could do no better than fourth in each heat at Springfield and did not appear especially sharp or happy even when he raced at that speed. Perhaps it is only the memory of his potential that wins him consideration here.

Respect for a great trainer and supreme tactical driver demands inclusion of Great Lullwater. Del Miller surprised all the experts by winning one heat of the most recent Hambletonian test with this so-so colt, in 2:01 3/5. But the giveaway is that, as he admits, he also surprised himself, and the feeling here is that Miller "stole" the race, a feeling borne out by the fact that he was about eight lengths ahead at the half. No one will be allowed that kind of early margin at Du Quoin.

Though there may be no standout horse next week, like Scott Frost in 1955, one thing is certain. Gene and Don Hayes, who did such a memorable job of staging their first Hambletonian last year, will set the scene appropriately. The track, already one of the world's fastest, has been resurfaced and may now be the best anywhere. END

THE TOP HAMBLETONIAN ELIGIBLES

ENTRY	SEASON'S RECORD (starts 1st, 2nd, 3rd)	BEST WINNING TIME
Emily's Pride (Egan)	10–6, 2, 0	2:00⅗
McColby (Cameron)	15–5, 6, 2	2:02⅗
Spunky Hanover (Camper)	15–7, 3, 3	2:04⅕
Mix Hanover (Ervin)	7–0, 2, 3	———
Gang Awa (Egan)	8–1, 3, 1	2:05⅘
Sharpshooter (Pownall)	11–4, 1, 1	2:04⅗
Great Lullwater (Miller)	19–5, 4, 2	2:01⅖



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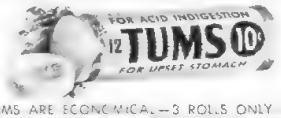
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NATURE / *John O'Reilly*

A magpie bows for the camera

EASTERNERS touring the West slow their cars and exclaim when they see a large black and white bird with a long tail fly from the road and disappear into a nearby thicket. They have seen nothing like it at home. The object of their interest is the American magpie (*opposite*), a flashy, vociferous, resourceful critter which, although admired as a pet, is one of the most hated birds in the country.

When widely scattered throughout an area the magpie is not a menace, but when it congregates in large numbers it can cause damage to the poultry, livestock and grains of the rancher and farmer. Feeding heavily on carrion, its eating habits are decidedly vulgar. In the West it is regarded with the same aversion with which its relative, the crow, is looked upon in the East—only more so. Hence thousands are trapped or poisoned. But always avoiding extermination, the canny bird continues to engage in a conflict of interests with man just as it did when it hung around the camps of the Indians. For all its bad reputation it is a spectacular addition to western wildlife. The picture on the right shows this bird in a characteristic mood: it is pondering some new devilment or hanging its head in shame.

Photograph by David Goodnow





SPORT IN ART

'THE LATE THROW'

The special scramble of a close play at the home plate is caught in brilliant oils by Edmond Kohn, California painter and baseball fan



Los Angeles is not only the adopted home of the Dodgers but of Artist Edmond Kohn as well. And besides a new home town, Kohn shares with the erstwhile Bums of Brooklyn the nostalgic glory of once playing ball in Ebbets Field as a member of a high school team. Memory and artistry thus blend in Kohn's painting *The Late Throw*, now in the collection of actor Edmond O'Brien, as is *The Long Ball Hitter*, which was reproduced in Sports Illustrated last year (April 15, '57). With all due respect to the great Roy Campanella, the painting, which Kohn finished in Campy's heyday, was not meant to represent any specific team or players but rather the timeless drama at the plate during any visitor vs. home town game.

Kohn's oils, done mainly on Masonite, have been included in representative shows throughout the country, and although he is sometimes called a modern romantic, his style in general escapes the usual labels. Now he divides his time, for the moment in unequal proportions, among teaching, painting and the ball park. "I've always loved baseball," Kohn says, "and now with the Dodgers here I practically camp on their doorstep."

N5165P
N5100P

A 12-PAGE REPORT ON

THE NEW AGE OF PRIVATE PLANES

As flying becomes a family affair, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED examines the private airplane, selects the six top new models and discovers a pleasurable, learn-to-fly vacation

To the private pilot flying through the clear air of a summer day, the horizons of his world seem as limitless as the view through his cabin windows. Detached from earth, he hangs apparently suspended in a timeless bubble. In the hour since his takeoff from his home field, he has covered some 150 effortless miles—three or four times the hot and dusty distance he might have set himself had he been contemplating a trip by car. His destination lies a couple of hours or so ahead of him—it could be anything up to 600 miles. That far he can travel easily in a single morning —with an afternoon, an evening and another entire morning of his weekend to pursue whatever sport or pleasure he is seeking before he starts the journey home.

Thus has the 50-year-old dream of private flying become a reality for thousands of Americans. And with it, after 50 years of hopes, plans and two major, almost ruinous disappointments, the boom in private flying is really under way.

It began slowly, almost unnoticed, some three years ago. In 1955 there were 58,000 private airplanes registered with the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the governing body of all civilian flying in America. In 1956 there were 64,000. In 1957 there were 70,000. By this summer, with some 500 planes per month being registered, private flying's fleet had grown to 73,000, and there is every prospect that 1958 will set an alltime high in new planes in the sky.

All this had been envisioned, for the first time, nearly 40 years ago.

ABOUT THIS REPORT

This report on the new air age is a distillation of hurling investigations by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *reporters in 30 U.S. cities. It was produced by Associate Editor Fred R. Smith, with the expert counsel of Pilot and Flight Instructor Nancy Graham, the assistance of Reporter Babette Skinner, and under the supervision of Articles Editor Percy Knauth.*

The first World War developed the aircraft industry in giant strides. By 1920, dreamers and practical businessmen alike foresaw the era of the "flivver plane" which every man could fly. But the expected boom never materialized. Flying was still a tricky and adventurous business, and the industry settled down to making it safe by developing the airplane's reliability and endurance.

After World War II, light-plane manufacturers guessed that the thousands of young men trained for flying against Germany and Japan would want to fly for fun when they got home. In happy anticipation they tooled up and produced 33,257 airplanes in the first postwar year—only to see them go begging. By an all too human quirk, the combat fliers almost to a man were anti-airplane—they had had enough of flying. War surplus planes further undercut the market, and within three years production figures in the light-plane industry had dropped to around 2,000, with most of those produced only on written orders.

Thus the small, light, cheap, one- or two-place single-engine pleasure airplane became at best a sideline on the production lines. The emphasis was put on four-or-more-place, fast, cross-country planes for businessmen —the Beech Bonanza and the Navion, followed by the Piper Tri-Pacer and Apache, the Cessna 310—planes with powerful single or twin engines, some with retractable landing gear, the final word in comfort and the final word in price—from around $10,000 up.

Comfort and reliability characterized these planes, but two specific devices actually touched off the boom and made the 50-year-old dream come true at last. The first was the tricycle landing gear. This simple development, which put on the front of the airplane a nosewheel that was steered by the control column just like a car, revolutionized the two trickiest moments of flying: the time before breaking ground on take-off and of touching down again on landing. Not only did it give the pilot a positive, firm grip on the runway at all times while the plane was on the ground, it eliminated entirely the bugaboo of cross-wind landings —whereas a conventional plane at the instant of contact might easily ground-loop with an inexperienced pilot, a plane with tricycle gear, once on the runway, is as instantly and

continued

◀ **TWO COMANCHE 250s,** just launched this summer, fly over South Beach at Martha's Vineyard. This new member of the Piper family seats four, cruises at 171 mph for 740 miles, costs $35,000.

positively controllable by the steering column as an automobile on the highway.

The second device, by the same token, made the once mystical business of finding one's way through the sky as simple as, or simpler than, navigating the nation's often poorly posted highways. Introduced by the CAA in the early 1950s, it is known as the Omnidirectional Radio Range System or, colloquially, Omni.

The importance of Omni is threefold. For one thing, it operates on very high frequencies that are virtually free of the static which often drowned out the signals of the earlier, low-frequency range beams just when the pilot needed them most—in bad weather. Secondly, it substituted for the low-frequency system's limited "highways in the sky" (which had to be followed by ear and required great skill and training to find and use) a simple, clear-cut and visual navigation system of converging beams, or radials, any one of which could be used to lead a pilot to his destination.

Omni made it almost impossible to get permanently lost. A pilot simply rode the radials home. If he wanted to find his exact position, he had only to take bearings on two different stations, noting their compass headings on his bearing selector, and then establish a fix by simple triangulation on his maps.

As to an airplane's general dependability, that is no longer a matter of question. Light planes with one or two engines are ferried regularly to distant places in the world these days as a matter of routine. Max Conrad, of the Piper Aircraft Corporation, for example, has flown the Atlantic 41 times in single-engine Pacers and Comanches or twin-engine Apaches, and a Beechcraft Bonanza only recently set a new nonstop record for light planes by flying 6,852 miles across the Pacific from Manila to Seattle.

For the would-be private pilot it is no longer a question of whether to fly, but how to fly. He can fly, for instance, by renting a plane—the Hertz Corporation of Rent A Car fame has just recognized the growing market for this sort of flying by establishing a nationwide Rent A Plane service. Or he can buy a plane, outright or on instalments, paying 1/3 down, choosing a new one from the 22 different makes and models shown on the following pages. Aircraft companies are turning their attention to the private pilot once more—Cessna, for example, is offering the low-priced, two-place Cessna 150, of which it sold 600 on the day it was announced. Finally, he can buy a good, reliable used plane from a very active market which offers them from around $1,500 on up. Used planes, unlike many used cars, can be bought safely because they have a recorded history — it is all down in their logbooks and the CAA's required regular inspection sees to it that there are no jalopies in the air.

If the would-be pilot buys a plane, he faces, depending on its type and how often he flies it, roughly the cost of a second car, be it a Ford or a Chrysler Imperial. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's nationwide survey indicated an over-all cost of around 10¢ per mile for an average medium-powered, single-engine, four-place airplane flown on about as many weekend and vacation trips per year as might be undertaken in the family car and tied down at the airport instead of kept in a hangar. Hangar storage can raise the cost in the same way as a garage in the city does for the upkeep of a car; it comes to $35 to $50 or as much as $150 per month as against $15 to $20 for tie-downs.

And what does the private pilot get for his money, his time and his newly learned skill? Across the nation, the answer is the same: a recreational horizon broadened so immensely that for many it amounts to a new way of life. To Claude C. Newbill, of Washington, D.C., a gas station owner who pilots a Navion, it means crab and shrimp feasts at the Maryland shore, the Orange Bowl and the Indianapolis "500" every year, pheasant shooting in South Dakota, a trip to Havana last year. For Dr. John Lordan of Beverly Hills, Calif. it means fishing trips with his wife to Baja California or the Kamloops area of Canada. For Mathematics Professor Harry Carver of the State University of Michigan (he is 67, soloed in 1929 and rents a Cessna 172 at Ann Arbor Airport) it means going to football games and track meets and rewarding his best students with rides. To the Ray Tidwells of Albuquerque it means a horizon broadened to include Los Angeles once every three weeks, trips to Alaska and Haiti. For Mrs. Jack Arrington, who lives alone and operates a hardware store in Atlanta, it means flying to Daytona Beach for a dip in the surf or to Chattanooga for dinner with a friend after the store closes. "This," she says, "is the greatest thing in the world."

CLARE POTTER, New York fashion designer, and husband Sandy toss their saddles in the back of a Tri-Pacer and head for Virginia hunt country at cubbing time.



THE ERA'S EAGLES

In every class of plane, from two-place to twin-engine, one plane excels. Here are Sports Illustrated's six choices



CESSNA 150

This, the newest plane of the year, arrives on the market this October. Two-place, it flies in the face of the prevailing trend among manufacturers to add planes with larger passenger capacity to their postwar fleets. But for Cessna the move is already a success—the company took orders on 600 of them the first day they demonstrated the plane to their dealers, the most Cessnas sold in one day in the company's history. Many are slated for student training, for Cessna dealers are aware that when pilots "move up," they generally stick with the manufacturer whose plane they first learned to fly. Many will also be used by Hertz's new Rent A Plane service. The 150 is a good first plane for newly licensed pilots. Like all Cessnas, the 150 is all metal. It has tricycle gear; a 100-hp Continental engine; a cruising range of 520 miles at 121 mph; standard model $6,995; trainer $7,940; commuter $8,545.



PIPER TRI-PACER

The Tri-Pacer was the first low-cost, four-place, postwar plane with tricycle gear. Its appearance in 1951 enabled Piper to hold its position, established with the prewar J3-Cub, as manufacturer of the Ford of the light-plane industry. There are today 6,246 Tri-Pacers performing every type of flying service. It is rugged enough to be a rancher's workhorse; fast enough for the commuting businessman or charter customer; safe, comfortable and economical enough for the family; friendly to the novice, yet sufficient airplane for the instrument student; and so at home in the air and on wheels or standard floats that it practically flies by itself. It has a back door to rear seats, which come out for extra cargo. Its fabric covering has Duraclad plastic finish. Its 160-hp Lycoming engine delivers a cruising speed of 134 mph; range 536; standard model $8,595; custom $9,270; super custom $10,475.



CESSNA 180

The 180 is the ideal sportsman's plane. While other, smaller and less powerful planes convert to ordinary floats, the 180 is the only single-engine American plane CAA-approved for heavier amphibious floats. With more than enough power to handle the extra drag, it lands and takes off easily on "back-and-beyond" lakes and strips. The plane, as much as any other, has changed the Idaho Primitive Area from pack-in country to a weekending hunter's or fisherman's paradise. Without floats, the 180 is conventionally geared. It has a 230-hp Continental engine; cruises at 160 mph, and has a range of 675 miles; $13,850. It has two sisters, the 182, a tricycle-geared version with much the same characteristics, $14,350; and the Skylane (*see page 61*). The Edo amphibious floats, including cockpit wheel-retraction control and indicator, cost $9,950. Standard floats range from $2,570 to $4,585.

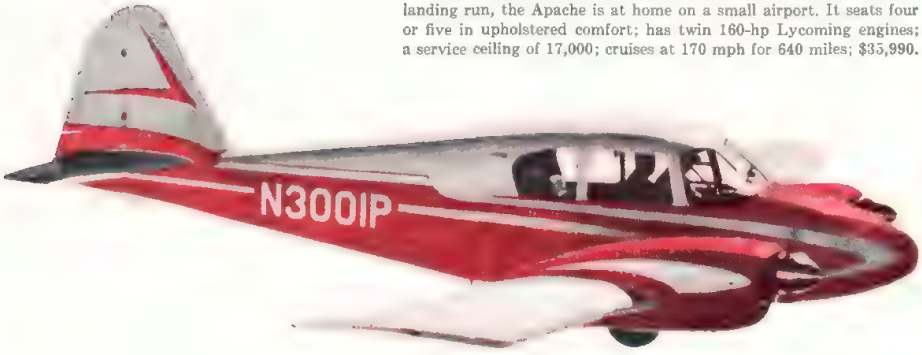


BEECHCRAFT BONANZA

The Bonanza's debut in 1947 answered postwar pilots' dreams. Slick as a fighter, it incorporated many wartime advances in design and efficiency in a small, personal plane. Nearly 6,000 Bonanzas later, its basic design, unique butterfly tail remain unchanged. Although rising costs have more than doubled its price, it is still the most popular plane in its field. Each new model incorporates the latest developments and improvements: the new J-35 has fuel injection, eliminating the carburetor and providing greater engine efficiency and fuel economy. Captain Pat Boling of United Airlines piloted a Bonanza to the light-plane, nonstop world's distance record of 6,852 miles from Manila to Seattle. It's the fastest (cruises at 200), has the greatest cruising range (900 miles) and the highest service ceiling (21,300 feet). It has retractable tricycle gear; 250-hp Continental standard with auxiliary tanks; all-metal; $24,300.

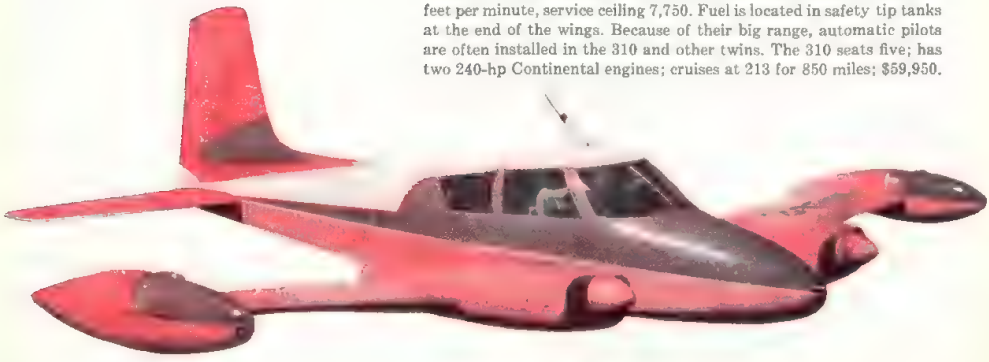
PIPER APACHE

Although twin-engine airplanes have been generally thought of as executives' vehicles rather than pleasure craft, many private pilots today are discovering how easy the step up to them has become. And because their horizons are expanding, many private owners soon seek the greater speed, range and relative weather immunity that two engines provide. In keeping with the Piper philosophy of offering a lot for a little, the Apache is the smallest, least expensive of the twins, but a big performer. More than 40 have flown the Atlantic. Such reliability and long range make trips through the Caribbean, to Alaska, to South America routine. Because of its low stalling speed, short landing run, the Apache is at home on a small airport. It seats four or five in upholstered comfort; has twin 160-hp Lycoming engines; a service ceiling of 17,000; cruises at 170 mph for 640 miles; $35,990.



CESSNA 310B

The 310B is a big, slick airplane that bridges the gap between the Apache and Beechcraft's long-famous line of twins. It costs $24,000 more than the Apache, and here's what that extra money gives: 43 more miles per hour at cruising, 200 miles more range; 3,500 more feet of ceiling and 400 feet per minute faster climb. In fine, extra money spent for an airplane buys extra power, performance and efficiency instead of fishtails and chrome. The 310 is the top plane of Cessna's fleet, and the Air Force has placed orders for 160 of them in the last two years. Its single-engine performance is excellent—rate of climb 415 feet per minute, service ceiling 7,750. Fuel is located in safety tip tanks at the end of the wings. Because of their big range, automatic pilots are often installed in the 310 and other twins. The 310 seats five; has two 240-hp Continental engines; cruises at 213 for 850 miles; $59,950.



THE '58 FLEET

In addition to the six top family planes discussed in detail on the three preceding pages, there are almost as many other manufacturers and models as in the automobile industry. Here, with thumbnail statistics, are the in-manufacture models of 16 other planes most likely to be used by private individuals for their pleasurable pursuits. All prices given are for standard models, "fly-away-factory" (f.a.f.); all ranges and speeds are for normal cruising operation.

TWO-PASSENGER PLANES



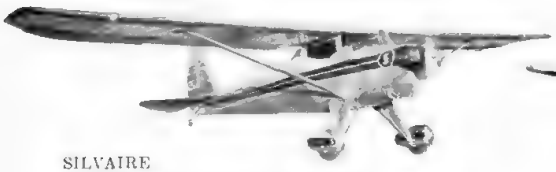
CHAMPION TRI-TRAVELER

Champion's high-wing tandem-seater is fabric-covered; tricycle gear; 90-hp Continental, 500 miles; 108 mph; $5,995. Two similar models of the Traveler come with conventional gear.



PIPER SUPER CUB

The baby of Piper fleet is conventional-geared tandem-seater; fabric-covered; 90-hp Continental; 360 miles; 100 mph; $5,695. Model with 150 hp Lycoming, 160 miles, 115 mph; $7,150.



SILVAIRE

This all-metal two-seater has conventional gear; 90-hp Continental; 500 miles; 120 mph; $5,995. The Silvaire is popular float plane. It has stick controls and side-by-side seating.



FORNEY AIRCOUPE

Low-wing metal two-seater has tricycle gear; 90-hp Continental; 500 miles; 123 mph; $6,995. It is spinproof; all controls coordinated into wheel and therefore there are no rudder pedals.

FOUR-PASSENGER, FIXED GEAR



CESSNA 172

Cessna's least expensive four-seater competes with the Tri-Pacer in both price and performance. It has all-metal body; tricycle gear; 145-hp Continental; 519 miles; 124 mph; $8,995.



CESSNA 175

As easy to fly as the 172, but with 30 horses more pep. Has new engine-noise reducing system, tricycle gear, speed fairings optional; 175-hp Continental; 595 miles; 139 mph; $10,995.



TAYLORCRAFT SEABIRD

Float version of Zephyr 400, like all Taylorcrafts, has Fiberglas fuselage and wings; extra door to rear seat, 225-hp Continental; 600 miles; 130 mph; $13,990; Edo floats $4,585 extra.



CESSNA SKYLANE

Cessna's top single-engine model is de luxe version of the Cessna 182 with factory installed radio and navigational equipment included; 230-hp Continental, 667 miles, 158 mph, $16,850.



HELIO COURIER

Special wing and flap design give Courier controlled, slow flight, plus a nearly vertical take-off and landing; 260-hp Lycoming; 700 miles; 160 mph; seats 5, $29,600. Floats are extra.

SINGLE-ENGINE, RETRACTABLE GEAR



COLONIAL SKIMMER

Certificated in 1957, the C-21A is the only single-engine true amphibian now produced; all-metal body; shoulder wing; seats 4; 180-hp Lycoming pusher; 600 miles; 130 mph; $21,780.



MOONEY MARK 20 A

This newcomer has metal fuselage; laminated spruce wings; gives more speed per hp than any plane of its price; seats 4; tricycle gear; 180 hp Lycoming, 630 miles; 180 mph; $14,750.



MEYERS 200

New entry into the Bonanza field has all-metal construction; 4 seats, 3 removable for extra cargo; extra good visibility; tricycle gear; 240-hp Continental, 680 miles, 195 mph; $21,500.



BELLANCA CRUISEMASTER

Modern version of Giuseppe Bellanca's favorite plane has clean design, distinctive tail; is fabric-covered; conventional gear; seats 4; 230-hp Continental; 800 miles; 196 mph; $17,950.

TWIN-ENGINE



BEECHCRAFT TRAVEL AIR

Newest and smallest of Beech's several twins has lowest noise level; rugged structural design; seats 4; 270 pounds of luggage, twin 180-hp Lycomings; 1,100 miles; 192 mph; $19,500.



BEECHCRAFT TWIN BONANZA

This workhorse, model D50, carries 6 and 500 pounds of baggage; twin 285-hp Lycomings; 830 miles; 203 mph; $77,000. F50 has two 320-hp Lycoming supercharged engines; $88,000.



AERO COMMANDER 680 E

The top of the private-plane field is also President Eisenhower's choice. Luxurious, efficient 5- or 7-place plane. Twin supercharged 320-hp Lycomings; 1,400 miles, 226 mph; $94,500.

THE SKY WAS MINE

A young housewife who went on a learn-to-fly vacation describes the excitement, the trials and errors, and the deep satisfaction of taking to the air

by JOAN DICKINSON

As airports go, Katama Airpark on the island of Martha's Vineyard off Cape Cod is probably unique. On the outskirts of the resort and yachting center of Edgartown, its 150 acres run right behind the dunes of South Beach, one of the finest bathing areas on the Atlantic. In front of its tiny combination pilots' lounge and administration building a giant bleached whalebone forms a semiarch across the gate of a split-rail fence. A mile down the field is a long taxiway where small sports planes can park by a narrow footbridge that runs across a gully to the dunes. The bridge is minus a handrail, just as the pilots' lounge is minus a "19th hole"—anyone who gets his feet wet crossing, says Steve Gentle, Katama's owner and operator, cannot fly. The field has five smooth sod runways, and any one of them will take an airplane out over some of the most beautiful island and ocean scenery in the world.

This year Katama added another feature which, taken together with all the others, makes it truly unique: it became the first airport in the country to offer a learn-to-fly vacation.

This package plan, from $300 to $500 for two weeks, depending on accommodations and the type of plane you fly, offers everything that Martha's Vineyard has for years presented to its summer visitors—swimming, sailing, riding, tennis, golf, fishing, bicycling, bird watching, etc.—plus flying instructions: a complete course which will get you soloed and well started toward the 40-hour total needed for a private pilot's license, or a three weeks' course which will get the experienced pilot his instrument rating. It is sponsored by the Piper Aircraft Corporation, which provides the planes—in this case, three brand-new, 160-hp, four-seat Tri-Pacers, leased to Steve Gentle on an arrangement that enables him to offer a 10-hour course for $230, or $140 if you use the brand-new Super Cub.

I heard about the learn-to-fly vacation plan and, having yearned for years to take to the open skies, decided to give it a try. Thus it happened that one day this summer I found myself in the cabin of a Tri-Pacer, staring at a conglomeration of dials, knobs and buttons which I thought only an airline pilot could ever sort out and understand.

"You're the pilot from here on in," said Steve. It sounded like an overstatement—three pillows were needed to prop me up so that I could reach the rudder pedals and see out over the plane's nose. "Always work from left to right," he continued. He talked steadily, going through a complete checkout and explanation of all the instruments. "Now reach down and push that toggle switch—that's the master—then reach under the seat and push the starter. Make sure the radio's off first, and yell *c-l-e-a-r-r-r!* out the window to scare off all the cats and dogs."

He wasn't joking about the animals. Birdie, his black half-breed gunning dog, loves to fly, and Steve's wife Dorothy (chief sandwich packer, radio operator, part-time gas pump manipulator and full-time hostess-reservations manager) owns two tomcats who refuse to have their dignity ruffled by irresponsible pilots.

The engine caught, the plane pulled forward and I kept my hands lightly on the wheel, my feet on the pedals, to feel the motions as we took off. The smooth pathway to the Atlantic rushed under me, the red roof of the hangar fell behind and we turned up toward the setting sun. I was flying!

Before me was South Beach, running 20 miles to the steep, vibrantly colored clay cliffs of Gay Head. Passing high above Martha's Vineyard Airport, locally known as the county airport, where the commercial flights land, I looked down at the criss-crossed hardtop runways that Steve said I would be practicing on. We flew on to the lighthouse, circled the miniature fishing village of Menemsha, made a dive over Jimmy Cagney's farm and returned to the gleaming white church steeples and quiet harbor of Edgartown. There was the field, and now we were down.

Back at the hangar, as Steve and I climbed out, he sighed deeply, "Well, safe once more!" That, for some reason, dispersed whatever awkward gap had been between us, and I liked him from that moment on.

I WAS astonished to find at my first morning lesson that I was not only expected to pull the Tri-Pacer out of the hangar singlehanded, but also to take off without assistance. On my first attempt, the engine roared, the wheels banged on the ground and I hurriedly pulled up, dropping the left wing sharply just off the ground and tipping far over to my side. I was told to *ease* back and push the nose forward going across the field. The result of this consultation was a wild bucking horse ride. The wheels hit the ground again once, after I was in the air. I had the nose up, then down, and we roared out over the ocean, swooping and zigzagging on a roller coaster path. "Normal Reactions," Steve wrote in my log book, and by the end of the day, after two trips across to Nantucket Island, on my third lesson I was taking off



STUDENT PILOT DICKINSON SMILES THROUGH WINDOW OF HER TRAINING PLANE

right, and *all by myself*. I fell asleep that night thinking of the steady pounding of the surf and the sound of my engine as it went down the runway gathering power and speed, requiring the merest touch of my hand to put us in the sky.

There is nothing quite as absorbing and completely detached from all other reality as learning to fly. Hours of flight mingled into feelings rather than facts—times of excitement, exasperation, sudden perceptions of peace, awareness of the winds and the sea, the islands, the clouds and the sun. Not only does the physical operation of the plane—for a beginner—require complete coordination and constant attention, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, but there is something in the first experiences of stretching far into that new realm of flight at the controls of a small plane that relegates all else to unimportance. I flew at times with my mouth hanging open—altitude, manifold pressure and rpm figures whirling in my befuddled mind; then, as I made progress, I took to scowling and muttering to myself when I came in too close to the trees and wires or dropped with a bang onto the runway from too high. I was constantly impressed with the amount of rock 'n' roll that Tri-Pacer would put up with, and also my instructor. Steve is unquestionably the most patient man I have ever met. He'd sit there without saying a word, a technique he must have mastered during the war, when he trained and flight-tested almost 3,000 cadets and instructors.

I spent most of my time between lessons surf-swimming or relaxing on the outside terrace of the Harborside Inn. Edgartown, without the taint of restoration, is the prettiest town I have ever seen. On Main Street the old whaling homes with the widow's walks are each set at an angle, facing the mouth of the harbor, so that the fishermen's wives of long ago could watch for the ships to return. The roads are narrow, the sidewalks brick. Everything is white. Window boxes are filled with flowers, picket fences are rose-laden and scrubbed cleaner than the marble stoops of Baltimore.

My vacation, however, more and more became brief interludes between flights. Flying consumed all my other desires, and as soon as I unstrapped the safety belt I filled the plane with gas and waited until we could go up again. Even menial tasks, like wiping grease off the wing or tightening a loose exhaust pipe, seemed important. To me, this $10,000 flying machine (whose engine no longer roared at me) had become a very personal thing. My radiotelephone operator's license came through from Boston, and I found it far more entertaining to communicate with overflying pilots, giving weather and wind to incoming flights, than to get involved in idle cocktail-time chatter among nonflying people. Private pilots, anxious to encourage students, provided fine companionship, especially since they seem to be able to retain a reassuring sense of humor about their own quirks and mistakes.

I never did know exactly why it was that I thought I ought to fly (and people always ask), but it was something more than just wanting to. Somehow I had always felt I belonged in the sky, and I never questioned my decision to try it out until my fourth day up, when squalls and thunderstorms scrambled over the island. The air was rough, the wind blew hard and I couldn't do anything right. Until that moment, I had been constantly amazed at how much I had learned in so short a time. But this was awful. Finally, as I headed out over the State Forest in the rain, far off course, Steve did get mad and took over the controls, mumbling something about no emergency landing field in reach. Later he gave me a chance to recoup my confidence, but things only grew worse. I came into the field too low over the water, and so slow and wobbly that in that wind the churning murky ocean looked as if it were just waiting for me to drop in.

By night I had blisters on my hands and ached all over from hauling the airplane around. I was miserable,

continued



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because I knew what to do and how to do it, and just couldn't. Suddenly, between theory and fact there loomed a wide abyss, forcing me to face the possibility that I might once and for all be wrecking that wonderful dream of mine about flying.

This, too, Steve later said, is "normal reaction," although it probably wouldn't have helped any to know it then, and I woke up in the middle of the night from a nightmare in which I had landed alone, in a blizzard, coming in *under* all the wires. Steve was standing there, waiting to take the plane away for good. Abruptly I realized I was within one or two hours from the time when I should be making my first solo flight. I put on the light, picked up the *Modern Pilot's Handbook* from the nightstand and read two chapters on approaches before going back to sleep.

The doldrums, happily, vanished with the sunshine next morning and, what's more, I *even found the ground* —landing unassisted, as smoothly and simply as if I'd known how to do it right along. And runways have remained right there where they ought to be ever since. I was sure Steve had done something, but there he sat, with his arms folded, sticking both feet up in the air. He often used such antics to prove a point, and his sense of humor, when not in the British vein, was startling, since it erupted boisterously at the most unexpected moments. I had seen him fall flat on his face on the ground when one of his students took off, and one day when I asked what to do about a radar patrol plane circling the island, he grabbed the controls, shoved in the throttle and chased it.

"Now she's got the word," Steve scrawled in the log, and from then on, day by day, flying became increasingly more fun, and I didn't need any more "rescuing." For the first time I felt relaxed. I was reaching for those buttons, knobs and cranks without even looking. And then one day we took off from the county airport after a coffee break and headed home. It was a beautiful day, and I was happy. I could see a fleet of fishing boats working far offshore. There were dozens of other small planes in the sky, and I decided to follow the beach back instead of the highway I was accustomed to trailing. I went over a group of picturesque old cottages nestled in the pines. "Funny," I said to Steve, "I never even noticed those before." He didn't answer, and I decided he must be in a bad mood today in spite of my monumental progress. There ahead was a railed bridge over a scallop bay, a big cathedral—and I had been missing all this, fighting the controls. Next I went over a large brick school with the flag up out front—oh, oh—there shouldn't be a town on the beach between the two airports. Certainly not a school!

"Nothing looks right, does it?" Steve was noncommittal and offered no advice.

I began to circle around. I had probably overshot the field while I was daydreaming about the scenery.



INSTRUCTOR Steve Gentle reviews a flight with Joan on doorstep at Katama Airpark.

It was probably right under me. Or right behind me. But it wasn't.

"Take a good look around," he suggested.

I already was, but it didn't help any because it was the first time I had surveyed the island since my sightseeing "familiarization flight" tour, and practically the entire island is surrounded by beach. Finally, with some prompting from Steve, I found my way back to the county field and started all over, following that reliable highway home and developing a strong interest in learning how to use my compass. "Sure scares me," Steve said when we landed, but in the pilots' lounge he told the others he was getting ready to jump out on me.

They wouldn't dare send me up

alone, I thought. *Look at what I might do up there by myself!*

But they did, and not many days later, either. I had had one good lesson, when Steve climbed in beside me and said he would ride around with me once and then let me take it away. "Put your radio on," he said. "I'll stay inside and you can ask all the questions you want." I was ready to go and had none of the expected jitters, but that day turned out to be like waiting for the imminent arrival of the stork, because I never did get up alone. The wind blew hard, and he flew with me onto every runway at Katama and also the county field, never satisfied that conditions were right. I waited two hours in the morning for the wind to swing around, then two hours after lunch, and finally gave it up and went to a clambake.

IN the early evening Steve called me at the Harborside to see if I wanted to go out to the field with him while he took the barriers off the new runway to try it out. He had kept it closed until the grass got a start and it was dried out enough. We landed on it twice, at the end and in the middle. "Seem skiddy?" he asked. I shrugged, not sure how skiddy was skiddy. "Well, see that pile of dirt at the side of the runway?" He opened the door, and I thought he was going to put up markers on it and have me turn the plane around and come back for him. "I'll be sitting right on top of it," he said, "take your time, watch your wind, add power when you need it."

"You mean you're leaving me?" I was astounded. All day I had been ready. Now, testing a new runway, the wind blowing harder than ever—about 25 knots, he had said—it was the furthest thing from my mind. He had asked me before how many drinks I had at the clambake, and I thought at the time that he was carrying this close relationship of instructor-student a little too far. Now I knew he had been planning this all along.

"You're all right," he said, backing off from the plane. "You've been flying in plenty of turbulence, you won't let this little bit of wind bother you. Just take your time and watch that rough spot over the farm."

"Now wait a minute. . . . There's something I wanted to ask you before. . . ." But I couldn't think what it was.

"Watch me as you come in. If I wave you off, give it full power right away and go around again. Don't be afraid to use that throttle."

"What's waving off?"

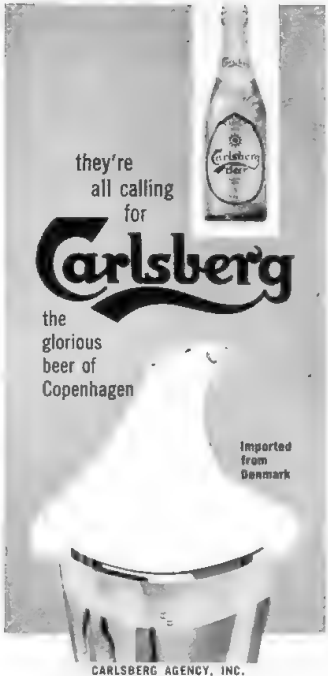
"Like this!" He laughed, leaped up and down, flailing his arms. Then he slammed the door and walked off, never even once looking back.

It sure was quiet. I ran up the engine. Well, no need to get out of here in a hurry, I thought, let's see if everything's all right. Glad I checked the engine myself tonight even though I hadn't expected to fly. Then I had a feeling I was stalling for time, what with the question I forgot, and now the instruments. Brakes off, flaps down, heat off. It happened so quickly, I was way up in the air before I'd had time to even think. And I was going practically straight up! Climbing too steep. Push the nose, trim it down. I turned out over the ocean. Amazing how the thing flies with only me in it. Too light, the turns don't feel right. And I was still climbing. If I got any higher I'd have to concentrate on losing a lot of altitude in a short time. Then I'd be coming in steep over those damn wires.

Look at the beach. I'm riding alone over the beach!

It wasn't until then, about halfway around the field at 1,000 feet, that the full realization hit me—and I began to smile, and I kept right on smiling. It was a good feeling. Altitude was all right now, rpm's, manifold pressure—I checked everything. I wasn't going to make a mistake. Well, just look at this! Why in the world did he decide to sit on that pile of dirt? I rolled my plane over and looked down to see if I could find him. He must look silly perched out there in the middle of the field, his legs crossed, patiently waiting for me to come back. And on a new runway at that! Oh, oh—coming up on the harbor already. Better pay attention. I wanted plenty of time to land. Make the turn, heat on. There's the barn, the tar road, the dirt road. Nose up, slow down. Nose down, flaps on. Then I hit that blooming rough air. I'll ride it out. Oh, those damn wires, and now I was blowing off too far to one side of the runway. Add a little power, just till I'm sure. Cut the engine off. Nose straight. Wind's not so bad, after all—hold it off—and I reached for the brake. Now isn't that something? I was on the ground! I'd really like to do that

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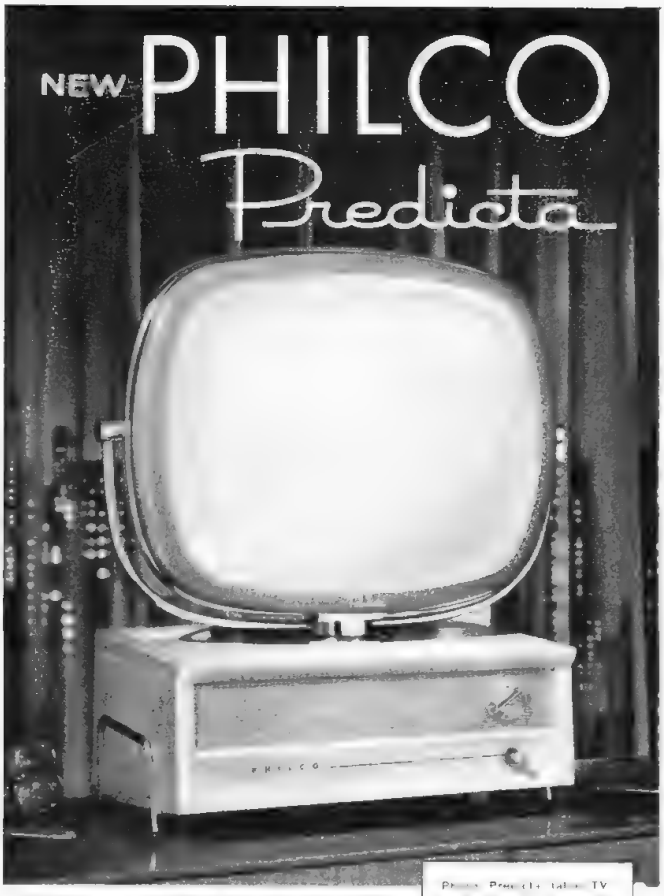
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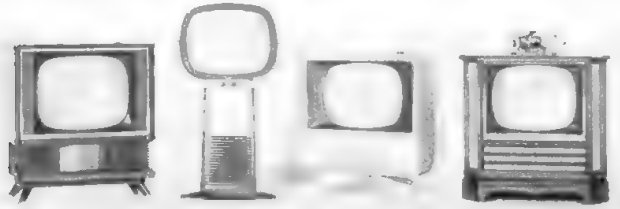
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again. That's the first thing I thought of. If he was back at the radio like he was supposed to be, I'd call him up and tell him I was going to do that again. This flying was the best idea I've ever had.

I TAXIED back to ask him if I could go once more. Steve is the only man I know who properly fulfills the word "lumbering," and he was lumbering down the runway now to meet me, not quite running, his sports jacket flapping in the wind. He opened the door and gave me a great big kiss, and I forgot all about going up while I thanked him, chattering all the way back to the hangar.

"This is great, and you really *are* wonderful," I said for the second time. And I thought he was. Anybody who could teach me to fly was really something.

"How about that? Huh?" And for the first time he didn't say "safe once more." On my license went the notation that I was competent to solo a Tri-Pacer, and in the log went Steve's report, with the officially initialed comment, "Now we start living!"

Without even discussing it, I presumed my solo realm of flight was still limited to circles over my own field, but after my second landing alone, after a few more days of dual instruction, I got a call on the radio as I pulled up over the hangar, to take a trip, to go wherever I wanted —so I started climbing and went off toward the west and the gleaming cliffs of Gay Head.

I don't think there is anything in the world like flying west at sunset. The sea is still then, the sand lustrous, the stone walls and hedgerows cleanly outline the fields. This was my moment of flying—tonight the sky was mine. My first solo had been but a fleeting episode of excitement. This was what I had long awaited, the thing I had always hoped flying would be to me. It was neither conquest nor triumph, but deep personal satisfaction—and a moment of complete happiness. It was a certain kind of feeling that I believe only other fliers can understand and experience, and I understand now why so many of them get tongue-tied when people ask what it's like to be up there alone.

All I can say is that it feels good—it feels real good—and for me it's only just beginning. END

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Courtly Manners

Germany's great Von Cramm long ago gave two brash young men a lesson they never forgot

WHEN I was growing up in Berlin during the 1920s, tennis was the pastime of the elite and the special favorite of the diplomatic corps and its attendant international set, epitomized by young Baron Gottfried von Cramm, one of Germany's leading players. Tennis became a passion with me but, as was made quite emphatically clear to me one afternoon in the fall of 1930, competence on the courts without a firm grasp of higher protocol could mean trouble.

The revelation occurred on the occasion of my first visit to the indoor courts of the magnificent Berliner Tennishalle, which had opened that fall.

Because my friend Hans Zehden and I had developed good games and had placed high in several local tournaments, club officials assigned us to one of the new courts for an afternoon hour of practice a week. As "for-tennis-only" members of a local club, we were highly flattered by the honor.

Hans and I were on time to the minute for our first session. On a neighboring court we were surprised and a little awed to see the tall, immaculate figure of Cramm playing an oddly desultory game against an equally tall but rather rumpled opponent, who obviously was no match for him. We often had watched Cramm in big matches and admired the precision and power of his strokes, which some years later carried him into Wimbledon's finals. Although Hans had once been commandeered as Cramm's partner in a doubles match at the club which had adopted us, we were startled when he noticed us to the extent of waving his racket at us as we passed behind his court.

"What do you know," Hans commented with feigned nonchalance. "We're really in the swim. I bet that's an ambassador he's got there, too."

We blasted away happily on hardwood floors for several minutes and were set to play when a ball boy appeared at our net post.

"The Herr Baron von Cramm inquires," he announced respectfully, "whether you would care to play in a doubles match."

Hans was ecstatic.

"*Ja, natürlich*," he said. "Tell him we'll be right over. Chance of a lifetime to show him how good we are," he went on when the boy had gone off. "Why, *Mensch*, we can even beat them." I scoffed, "Are you mad?"

Hans's voice sank to a conspiratorial murmur. "We're both better than the fellow with him. We shut Cramm out as much as possible, fire away at the other guy and we win. That will really get us noticed around here. They might even invite us to the next club ball."

Cramm and his partner were leaning on their rackets and chatting near the opposite ground line when we reached their court. They lifted their rackets in salute, and without further preliminaries Cramm brought the ball into play. Cramm's partner played nice, steady tennis, but his ground strokes had little length or force, he had an aversion to volleying and his

continued



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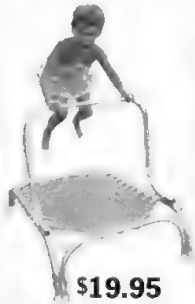


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backhand was of the corkscrew variety which had gone out of fashion years earlier.

Han's plan worked perfectly at the beginning, and its success so encouraged us that we played our best tennis. We treated Cramm's partner to a mixture of our longest and hardest ground strokes, little chips to half court, cute drop shots and a shameless series of lobs. At the end of the first round of serves we led 3 1. Then for a couple of games Cramm seemed to go berserk. He was all over the court and blasted the ball so hard that, when we managed to reach it, it nearly knocked the rackets from our hands. He quickly won two games, but while he was doing so our target, relieved of all responsibility except the return of service, wandered aimlessly from one side of the court to the other. Finally, he laid a hand on Cramm's arm and, to judge from the effect it had, gave him a stern lecture on the sin of stealing the game from one's partner. Although he wore a glowering expression for the rest of the match, Cramm restrained himself from further interference.

Hans ended the match with a hard smash which grazed Cramm's partner's leg. We pounded each other on the back and jumped the net to meet the defeated pair. Cramm's partner bowed to us and shook hands.

"I have enjoyed the game very much, young gentlemen," he smiled and walked off in the direction of the locker room. Cramm accompanied him to the door, then returned to us.

"If my word counts for anything around here," he almost shouted at us "you two won't disgrace this place again."

We could only gape at him.

"You listen," he roared. "Tennis is his only relaxation. He plays it for fun. He stopped here just to have a pleasant workout on the new courts. And you two baby elephants make him jump all over the place, so you can claim an idiotic victory. I could strangle you."

"Now wait," Hans started indignantly, "We just played as well as we could. We won't throw any match, not even for one of your fancy ambassador friends."

"Ambassador?" Cramm stared at us. "You're stupider than I thought. You've just made a fool of His Majesty, the King of Sweden."

—PETER FURST

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The readers take over

MOSCOW: FACTS AND FIGURES

Sirs:

You recently ran a chart comparing Rafer Johnson with the greatest decathlon men before him, including Jim Thorpe (SI, Aug. 11).

I take exception to your conclusion that Johnson, because of better times and distances, is the greatest ever. I submit that a time-for-time and distance-for-distance comparison without regard for a 46-year time lapse is a poor comparison indeed.

Therefore, I have prepared a chart comparing Johnson and Thorpe with their fellow competitors. I have compared, with the help of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,

EVENT	JOHNSON ('58)	RECORD	DIFF.
100 meters	10.6	10.1	.5
Broad jump	23'6¼"	26'8¾"	3 ft. 2 in.
Shotput	48'2¼"	63'2"	14 ft. 11¾ in.
High jump	5'10¾"	7'1"	1 ft. 1¾ in.
400 meters	48.2	44.2	3
110 hurdles	13.9	13.4	.5
Discus	186'11⅞"	194'6"	33 ft. 6⅛ in.
Pole vault	12'11⅞"	15'8½"	2 ft. 8⅝ in.
Javelin	248'1⅞"	281'2"	43 ft. ⅛ in.
1,500 meters	5:00.6	3:40.6	1:20.0

EVENT	THORPE ('12)	RECORD	DIFF.
100 meters	11.2	10.6	.6
Broad jump	22'2¼"	24'11¾"	2 ft. 9½ in.
Shotput	42'5½"	51 ft.	8 ft. 6½ in.
High jump	6'1½"	6'7"	5½ in.
400 meters	52.2	48.2	4
110 hurdles	15.6	15	.6
Discus	121'3⅞"	156'1⅞"	34 ft. 9½ in.
Pole vault	10'7½"	13'2¼"	2 ft. 6¾ in.
Javelin	149'11¼"	204'5½"	54 ft. 6⅜ in.
1,500 meters	4:40.1	3:31.8	1:08.3

H. Archie Richardson's Little Black Book and some reporters' calculations. Johnson's best against the current world records and Thorpe's best against the records of 1912. The results show that in six out of 10 events Thorpe's marks were closer to the existing world record than were those of Johnson in Moscow.

I think Rafer Johnson is the greatest all-round athlete in the world today and a credit to his race and his country. But I don't think he is the greatest ever.

JERRY A. BURNS

Santa Monica, Calif.

● Was Einstein a greater natural scientist than Newton? Yes, if the yardstick is man's approximation to the ultimate truth. No, if a man is judged by his times and his contemporaries. There is, as Roger Bannister pointed out last week in his reflections on the Dublin milers, a physiological absolute which, axiomatically, runners will never reach. In our opinion, he who comes closest to that ultimate barrier is by definition the greatest athlete. ED.

Sirs:

With the tremendous uproar over Rafer Johnson's remarkable performance in the decathlon in the meet with Russia, my curiosity has reached the breaking point. I have never been able to figure out the method of giving points in the decathlon.

BOB PFEIFER

Peoria, Ill.

● The International Amateur Athletic Federation has worked out a "performance curve" applicable to every track and field event. In the running events the curve shows the mathematical relation between actual performances over different distances, expressing the relationship in terms of change of speed per 100 meters. From this curve 78 pages of statistical tables have been worked out covering virtually all possible times and distances of all events. Shown below is that section which shows the relationship among eight running events and the point value for 21 equivalent performance times in each. The table shows, for example, that a time of 3 minutes over 1,000 meters is the performance equivalent of 38.01 minutes over the 10,000-meter distance. Both are awarded 331 points out of 1,500 maximum.—ED.

continued

1000m min.	1500m min.	1 mile 1609,34m min.	2000m min.	3000m min.	2 miles 3218,68m min.	5000m min.	10000m min.	Points
2.58,4	-	-	6.39,0	10.21,0	11.09,8	17.55,0	37.42,0	350
2.58,5	4.48,0	5.12,2	6.39,2	10.21,4	11.10,2	17.55,5	37.43,0	349
2.58,6	4.48,2	5.12,4	6.39,4	10.21,6	11.10,4	17.56,0	37.44,0	348
-	-	-	6.39,6	10.21,8	11.10,8	17.56,5	37.45,0	347
2.56,7	4.48,4	5.12,6	6.39,8	10.22,2	11.11,0	17.57,0	37.46,0	346
2.58,8	4.48,6	5.12,8	6.40,0	10.22,4	11.11,4	17.57,5	37.47,0	345
2.58,9	-	-	6.40,2	10.22,8	11.11,6	17.58,0	37.48,0	344
2.59,0	4.48,8	5.13,0	-	10.23,0	11.11,8	17.58,5	37.49,0	343
2.59,1	4.49,0	5.13,2	6.40,4	10.23,4	11.12,2	17.59,0	37.50,0	342
-	-	-	6.40,6	10.23,6	11.12,4	17.59,5	37.51,0	341
2.59,2	4.49,2	5.13,4	6.40,8	10.23,8	11.12,8	18.00,0	37.52,0	340
2.59,3	4.49,4	5.13,6	6.41,0	10.24,2	11.13,0	18.00,5	37.53,0	339
2.59,4	-	-	6.41,2	10.24,4	11.13,4	18.01,0	37.54,0	338
2.59,5	4.49,6	5.13,8	6.41,4	10.24,8	11.13,6	18.01,5	37.55,0	337
2.59,6	4.49,8	5.14,0	6.41,6	10.25,0	11.13,8	18.02,0	37.56,0	336
-	-	5.14,2	6.41,8	10.25,4	11.14,2	18.02,5	37.57,0	335
2.59,7	4.50,0	-	6.42,0	10.25,6	11.14,4	18.03,0	37.58,0	334
2.59,8	4.50,2	5.14,4	6.42,2	10.25,8	11.14,8	18.03,5	37.59,0	333
2.59,9	-	5.14,6	-	10.26,2	11.15,0	18.04,0	38.00,0	332
3.00,0	4.50,4	-	6.42,4	10.26,4	11.15,4	18.04,5	38.01,0	331
3.00,1	4.50,6	5.14,8	6.42,6	10.26,8	11.15,6	18.05,0	38.02,0	330





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Sirs:

Why didn't Vladimir Kuts run the 5,000 or 10,000 meters for Russia in the meet with the U.S.?

Will he run in the European championships at Stockholm? How do his 5,000-meter times compare with Thomas' three miles? Next year when the Russians come here will the distances be English or metric?

PATRICK PALMER

Lansing, Mich.

• Kuts was out with a stomach ailment. For the Stockholm games, too, which started August 19, Kuts was similarly unavailable. When he set his record of 13:35 for the 5,000-meter run last October in Rome no official time was taken at the three-mile mark, but observers conservatively estimated the time as 13:10. Thomas' time was 13:10.8. No official plans have been set for meeting at Philadelphia next year, but the distances will probably be metric, as in most international events.—ED.

MOTOR SPORTS: FRISKY FIAT

Sirs:

Congratulations on the story of Lime Rock's Little Le Mans (SI, August 11). It was a wonderfully exciting day for all of us who drove in the race, and all the cars stood up extremely well for the grueling 10 hours.

I had the privilege of driving, as a private entry, a new Fiat 1100 to first place in class B, and I might add that two Fiat 600s placed one and two in class E for the smallest cars. Our finish of over-all seventh was even greater testimony to the ability of the Fiat 1100, since we defeated several factory-sponsored cars with considerably more horsepower.

I thought you'd be interested in getting this additional score on Lime Rock.

WERNER E. JATZKE

Ridgewood, N.J.

A DOG IN THE MENAGERIE

Sirs:

Boston's prime candidate for Virginia Kraft's dog education course (SI, July 14, 21), a collie-beagle named Lassie, was the feature attraction at Franklin Park Zoo this week. The lesson she learned: don't go near the water.

While her mistress, 11-year-old Patricia Murphy, who was visiting the zoo,

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

7 [illegible] A.P. 8 A.P. 10 Fred Wahlstrom Greenwich Time, U.P.I.; A.P., Robert A. Hastings, Bob Tamasi a Dayton [illegible] 14 [illegible] 15 [illegible] 16 [illegible] 26, 27 [illegible] 28, 29 A.P., U.P.I. 30 Ed Lacy for Indianapolis Star, A.P. 31 [illegible] LIFE, Allan Grant LIFE, A.P., U.P.I., Kim Massie 39 [illegible] 42 [illegible] 44 [illegible] A.P. 45 [illegible] 47 Anthony Ravielli, 48 — John G. Zimmerman 52, 53 — [illegible] 56 [illegible] 63-64 [illegible] 71 Jimmy Ellis-The Daily Reflector; 72 Bill Browne, [illegible]

was trying to fix leash to her collar, the year-old puppy slipped away and, hearkening to a possible retriever trace in her lineage, made a beeline for the zoo lagoon.

Digging her way into the domicile of the ducks, mallards, swans, geese and seals, Lassie let out a thundering yelp and dove into the pond, hot on the trail, and headed straight for the swans. But the latter ducked their heads under water, ostrich-style, a highly unnerving maneuver.

The hubbub had attracted not only a crowd, but also the neighboring seals, who promptly dove through a gap in the restraining fence for a firsthand account of the proceedings. At the first sealy bark, Lassie forgot all about his feathered prey. Here was big game.

One seal flipped up on the center island for a better view and Lassie followed, soggy, dripping, but undaunted. Crouching, she began the stalk, circling warily. The gangly pup charged and the bemused seal somersaulted into the water, poor Lassie right behind her. This just wasn't her day.

In the meantime, to the spectators' delight, the park foreman, a police officer and an attendant arrived on the scene and tried to corner Lassie on shore, to no avail until young Miss Murphy appeared. After much coaxing, Lassie returned through her newly dug tunnel. The crowd cheered.

"In 10 years," muttered an attendant to me, "I never saw anything like this. Praise be she stayed out of the lion house."

ERIK LUND

Boston

TALK ABOUT RECORDS!

Sirs:

I was a little disappointed at not having seen anything about the world's record talker. She is Mrs. Alton Clapp of Greenville, N.C. Mrs. Clapp won the title by talking continuously for 96 hours 54 minutes and 11 seconds, a new record. The object was to win $750 in prizes.

JIMMY WATERS

Greenville, N.C.

● See below for Mrs. Clapp's magic moment.—ED.



MRS. CLAPP TALKS

Neil Morgan

WRITES ABOUT CALIENTE

Southern California ends at Caliente, and the long peninsular Mexican state of Baja California begins.

On the hills and canyons near the track, the border city of Tijuana meets the border city of San Diego. At this season of the year, that geographic fact is celebrated with much joining of hands and rhythms under the title of Fiesta del Pacifico.

The Fiesta queen herself is a case in point: brown-haired Elvia Aguilar, 21, commutes from her Tijuana home each day to work as secretary to the Catholic bishop of San Diego.

Horse players commute in reverse to Caliente, and the traffic is thicker than ever during Fiesta weeks.

On Sunday, Aug. 24, Executive Director John Alessio renews the running of the International Gold Cup. Thoroughbred stars and jockeys from the current Del Mar meeting will forget that Sunday is a day of rest, and the Del Mar crowd will be Alessio's guests at an after-the-races banquet.

Horse players will be reminded that hands-across-the-border can reach all the way to the Caliente cashiers' windows.

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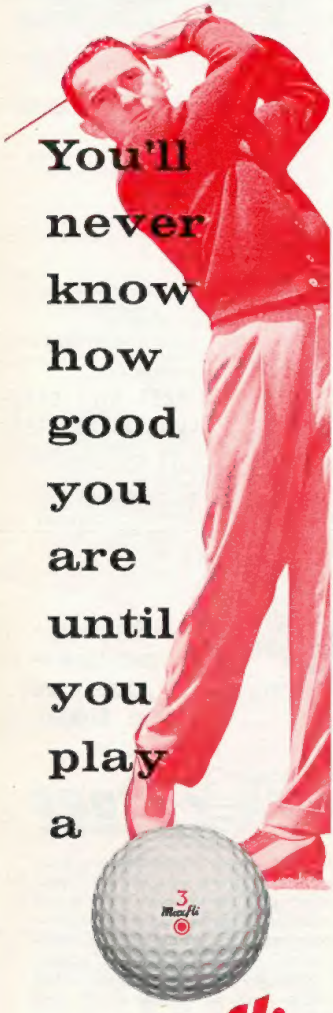
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'Wish you were here'

Infinite is the variety of woman's place in summertime. Judy Moll, a 10-year-old water baby from Toronto, has been taking water ski championships away from her seniors, some almost twice her age, all summer long. Mrs. Vernon Rudolph of Winston-Salem, mother of five, mid-80s golfer, trapshooter and international fisherwoman, became the first woman this summer to take a marlin off the southeast coast. Mrs. Rudolph fought her fish for more than an hour, had to shoot 15 sharks who gobbled up an additional 75 pounds from her 325-pound marlin. "It was," says Mrs. Rudolph, "a wonderful break in the domestic routine." Mrs. Mary Sylvander, who took up mountaineering at 40, spends her weekends braced against the cliffs of New York's Shawangunks. It all adds up to summer's classic taunt, "Having wonderful time, wish you were here."



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